

ARTnews

NOVEMBER 2013

How to Look at Sound Art

Fakers, Fakes,
& Fake Fakers

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Photo of Miquel Barceló in his Paris studio. Photo © Xavier Forcioli, 2013

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An abstract oil painting on canvas by Wayne Thiebaud. The composition is dominated by bold, expressive brushstrokes in shades of blue, purple, and yellow. A diagonal band of lighter, more textured brushwork cuts across the center, suggesting a mountain peak or a cloud. The overall effect is one of dynamic energy and vibrant color.

WAYNE THIEBAUD

Memory Mountains

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Blue Mountain Cloud 2013 oil on canvas 35 3/4 x 24 inches

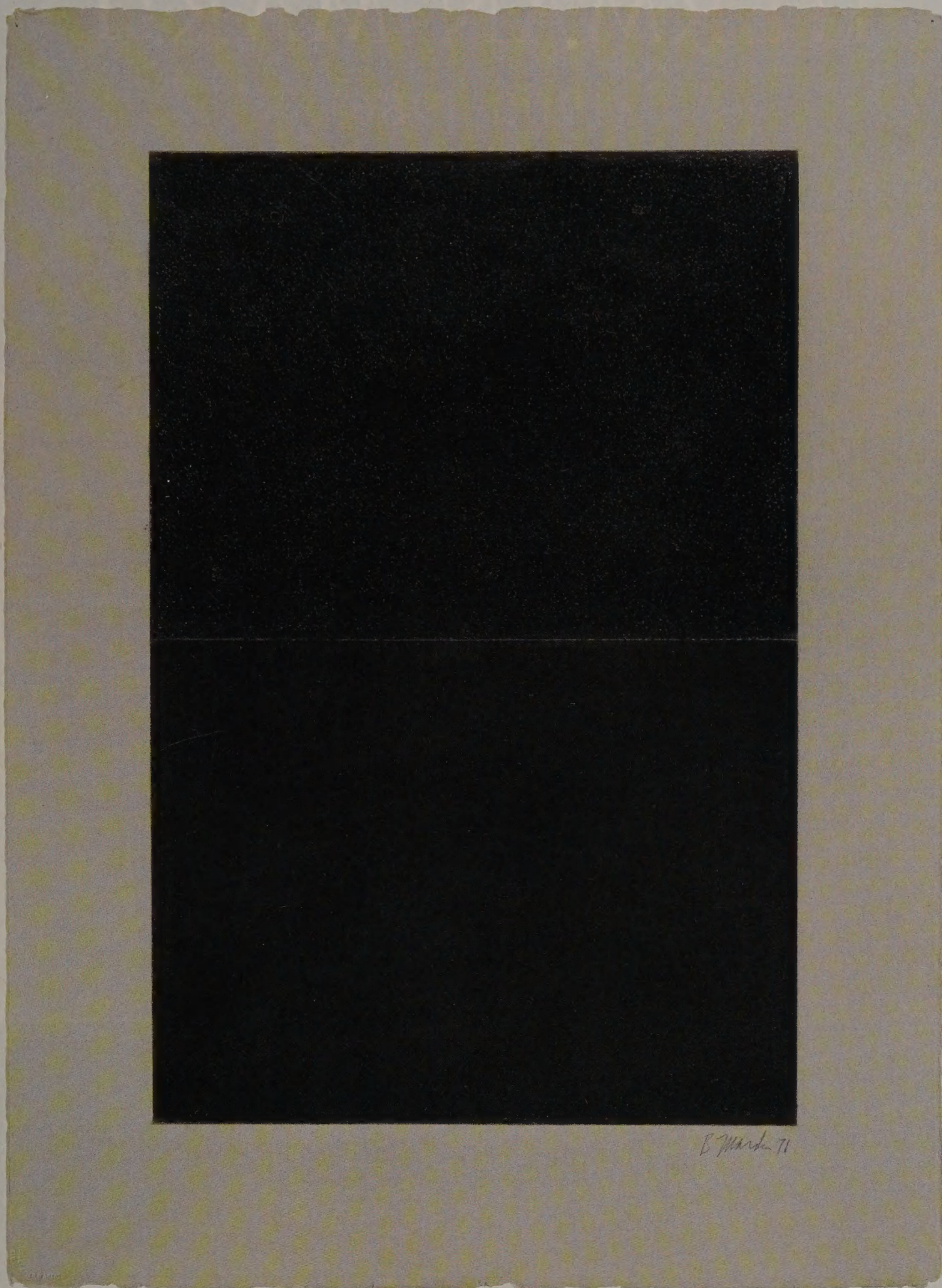
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Upcoming Auctions

November 5 Impressionist & Modern Art
 November 6 European Paintings
 November 12 Contemporary Art
 November 14 African, Oceanic Art & Pre-Columbian Art
 November 18 Antique Arms & Armor
 November 19 Montana Dueling Dinosaurs
 & Distinguished Fossils
 November 23 Fine & Rare Wines
 November 25 California & Western Paintings
 November 25 What Dreams Are Made Of: A Century of
 Movie Magic at Auction as Curated by TCM

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(1908-1986)



Winter, 1972, oil on canvas, 29 x 35 inches.

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5th Anniversary
Group Exhibition
Images of Venus from
Wayne Lawrence's Orchard
Beach: The Bronx Riviera
Curated by Awol Erizku

2012
Something About a Tree
Curated by Linda Yablonsky
personal, political, mysterious
Hilary Harkness
Tom Molloy, Issue

2012
Funny.
Curated by Heidi Zuckerman Jacobson
Lesley Vance
Watch Your Step
In Living Color
Richard Forster

2011
Art²
Jane Hammond: Fallen
One, Another
Curated by Stephanie Roach
Roni Horn, Double Mobius
Josephine Meckseper
Gerhard Richter

2010
Cary Kwok, OBSESSION
Curated by Prabal Gurung
Going International
SUMMER @ THE FLAG ART FOUNDATION:
Noriko Ambe: Artists Books,
Linear-Actions Cutting Project
Jennifer Dalton: MAKING SENSE
Robert Lazzarini: guns, knives, brass knuckles
The Magnum Mark:
Selections from The Magnum Photos Archive
Size DOES Matter
Curated by Shaquille O'Neal

2009
Floating a Boulder: Works by
Felix Gonzalez - Torres and Jim Hodges
Re-Accession: For Sale by Owner
Curated by Philae Knight & Amanda Fuhrman
Vague Terrain: Analogues of Place
in Contemporary Photography
Curated by Stamatina Gregory

2008
WALL ROCKETS: Contemporary
Artists and Ed Ruscha
Curated by Lisa Dennison
Drawn Together
Attention to Detail
Curated by Chuck Close

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who made our first
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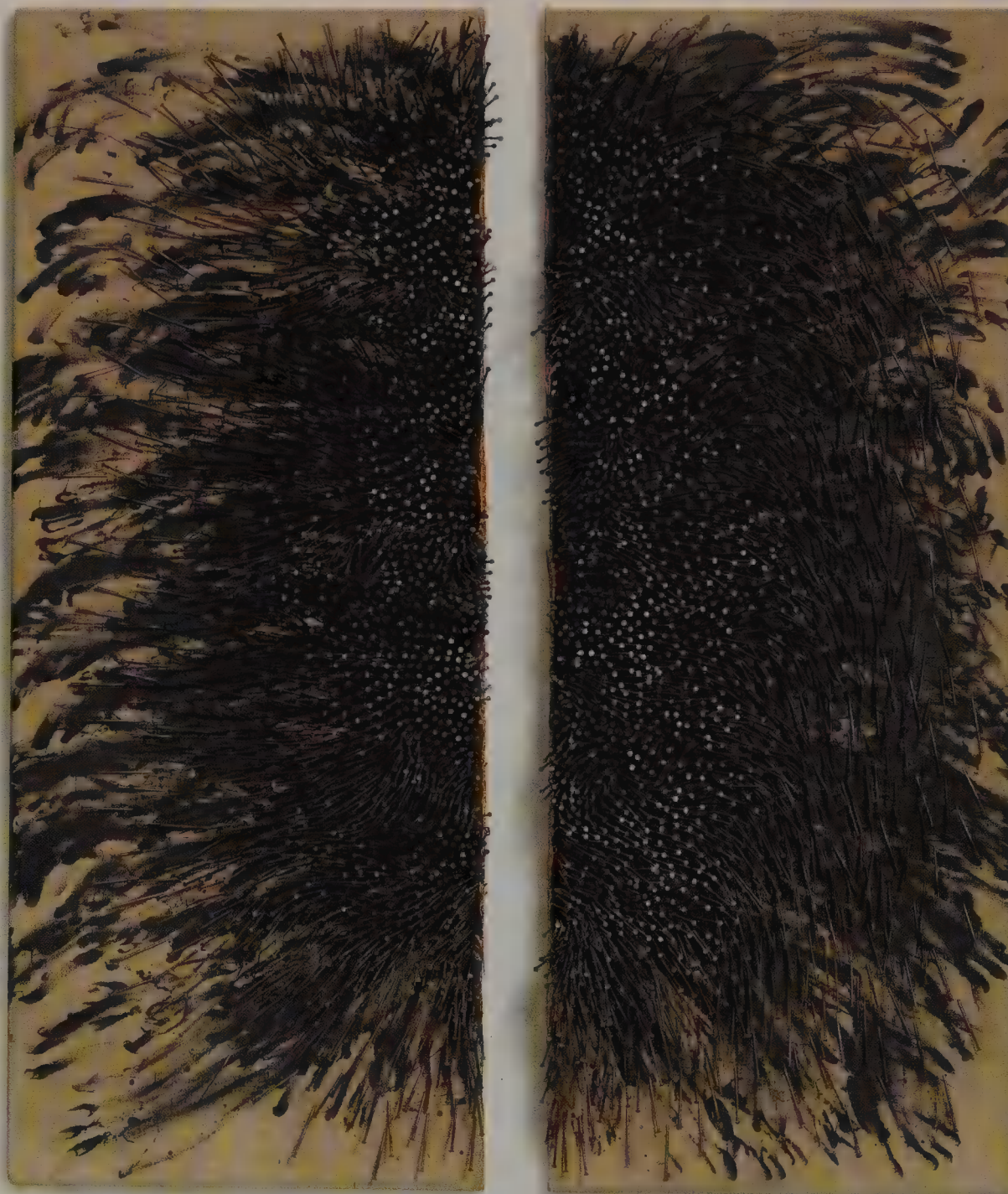
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Autumn Auctions 2013

- 15 Nov. Furniture, Porcelain, Silver, Jewellery and The Rau Collection for UNICEF II
16 Nov. Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures 15th–19th C. and The Rau Collection for UNICEF II
26 Nov. Photography
26 Nov. Modern Art
27 Nov. Contemporary Art
6–7 Dec. Asian Art
28 Jan. 2014 African and Oceanic Art (in Brussels)

Günther Uecker. Gespalten. 1987. Nailing and lacquer on canvas on wood, installation size c. 200 x 170 x 17 cm. Sale 27 November



NORIKO AMBE

cutting - without an outline



November 5 – December 20, 2013

Leo Castelli 18 E 77 NY 10075



"One Fine Day," 2012, Sumi ink, water, gouache and acrylic on paper, 51 1/2" x 40"

Sky Pape

Time Being

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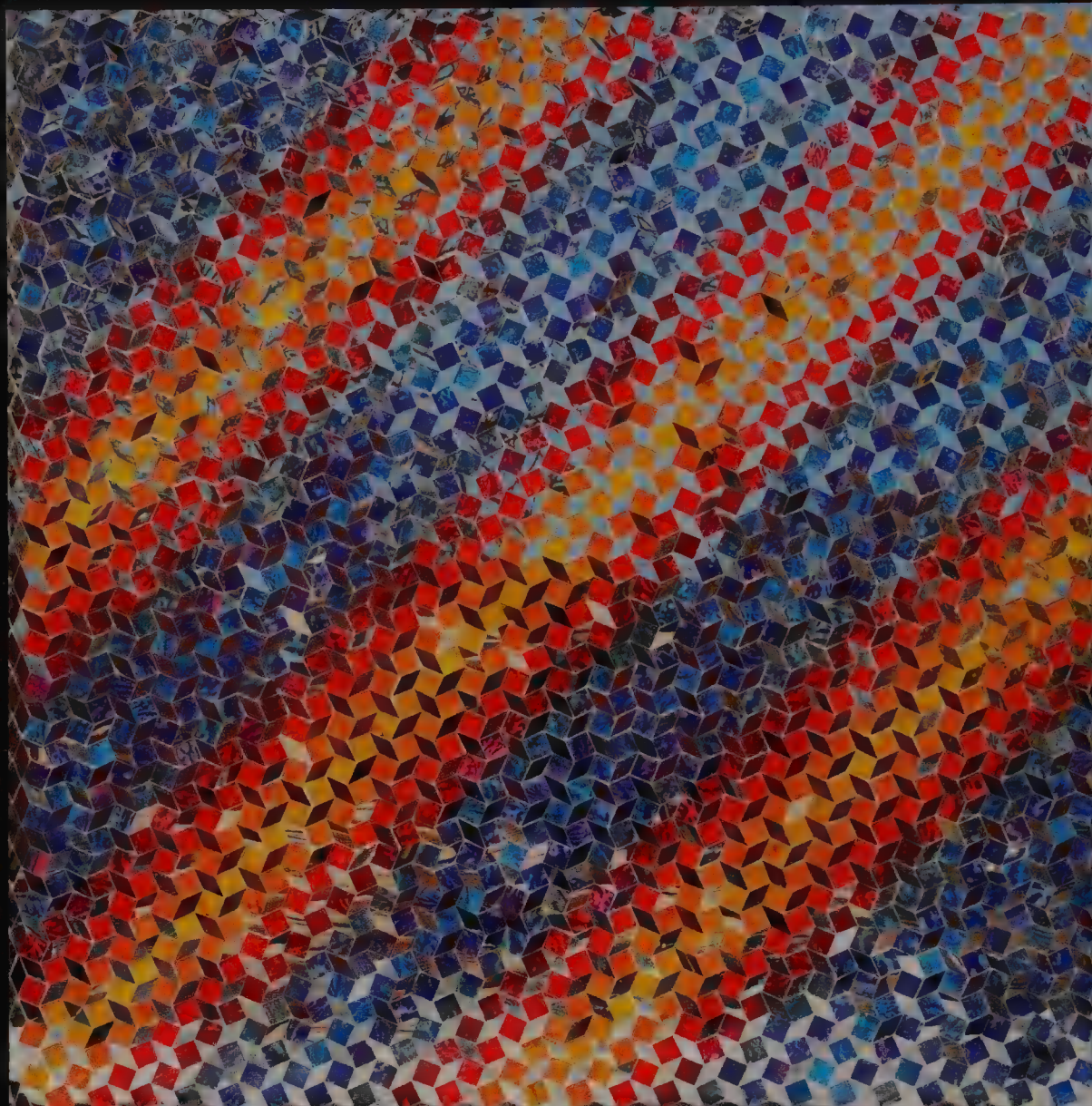
HOW TO FIND A GHOST

October 17 - November 23, 2013





Asia
Society



Yusef Saifi, *Iranian Revolution*, Untitled, 1977. Collection: Getty Foundation, Los Angeles, CA.

IRAN MODERN

The first major U.S. exhibition of artwork created in the three decades leading up to the Iranian Revolution of 1979.

Through January 5, 2014

Major support for Iran Modern comes from The Julius Family Contemporary Art Initiative. Additional support has been provided by National Endowment for the Arts; UAS Asset Management; Rockefeller Fellows for Arts, Culture, and Policy; American Institute of Iranian Studies; W.L.S. Spencer Foundation; The Soudavar Memorial Foundation; and Dedalus Foundation, Inc.

Asia Society appreciates the support for Iran Modern provided by The Iran Modern Leadership Committee: Gilin and Herb Allison, and Mirko and Faraj Saghri, Co-chairs, and Leadership Committee members: Manshi and Jamshid Ehsani, Maryam Eisler, Hart and Nancy Fessenden, Roya and Massoud Hiran, Valid and Mahshid Noshirvani, and Kambiz and Nazgol Shahbazi.

Asia Society Museum | 725 Park Ave. (at 70th St.) | New York City | AsiaSociety.org/IranModern

November 2013

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www.artnews.com



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Ali Pechman



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George Bellows (1882–1925) *The Front Yard*, 1920

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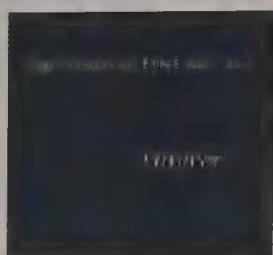


John Marin (1870–1953) *Apple Blossoms*, Saddle River, New Jersey, 1952

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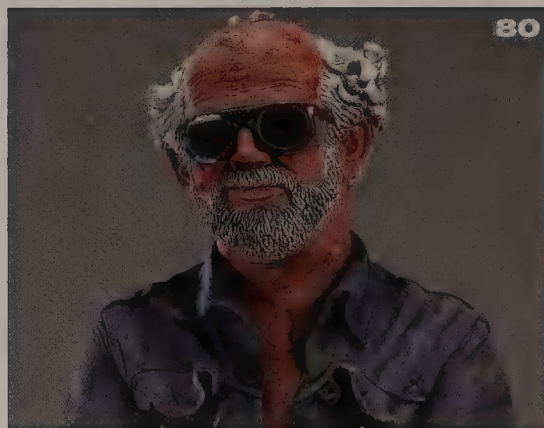
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NEW YORK

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 David Adamo/James
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 "The New
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 VIII"
 Sebastiaan Bremer

NATIONAL



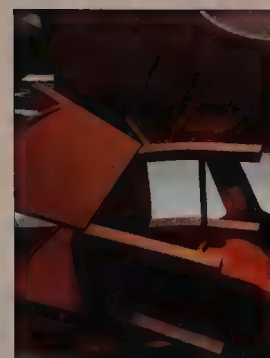
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Kathleen Gilje
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 Yvonne Venegas
 Sebastião Salgado
 Santa Fe
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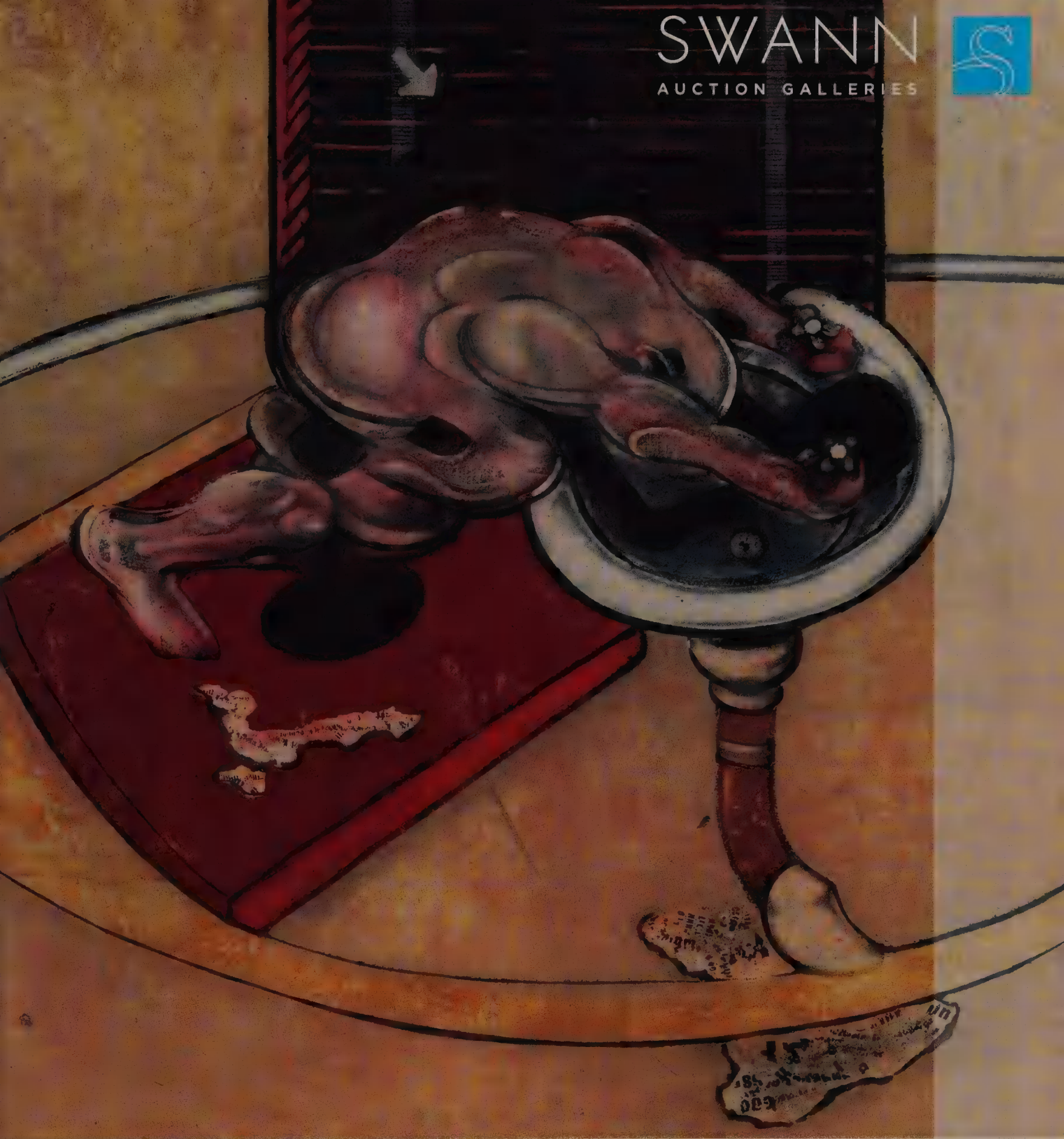
INTERNATIONAL

London
 Jan Dibbets
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 Paris
 Nick van Woert
 Cáceres, Spain
 "On Paper"
 Jerusalem

Yehudit Sasportas
 Istanbul
 "Past and Future"



Montreal
 Thomas Demand



Francis Bacon, *Figure at a Washbasin* (detail), color aquatint and etching, 1977-78. Estimate \$20,000 to \$30,000.

Contemporary Art

November 14

Todd Weyman ▪ tweyman@swanngalleries.com

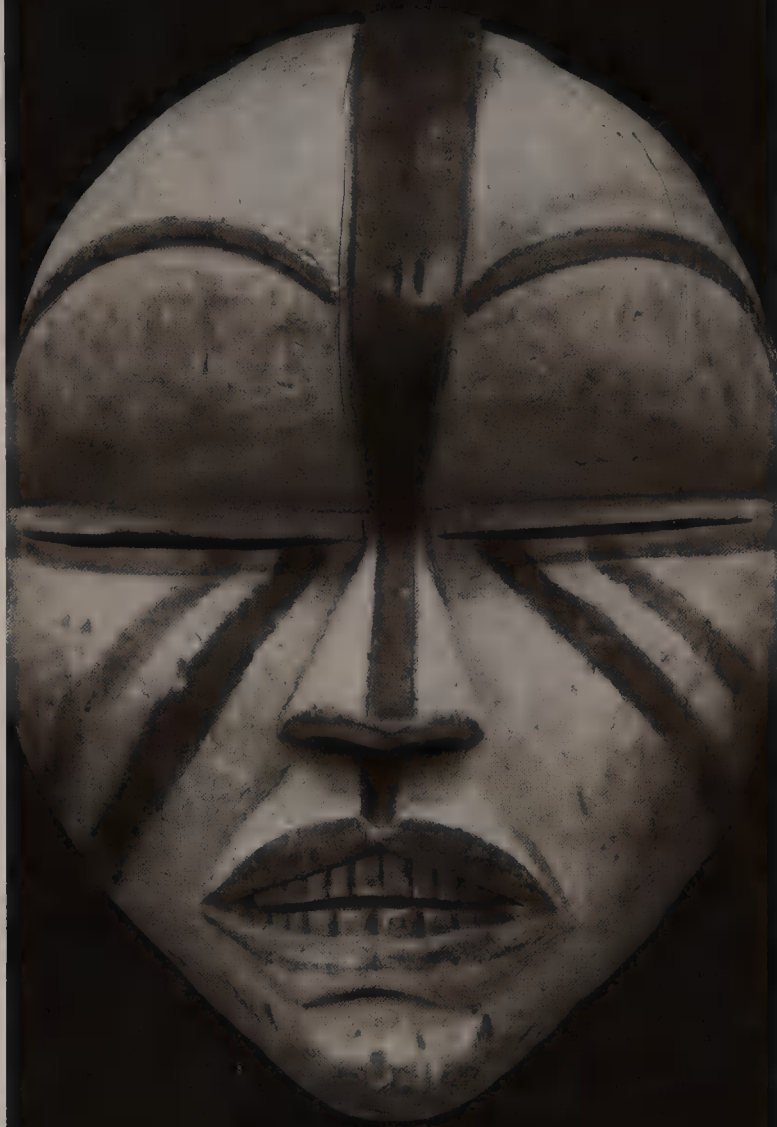
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The Shape of Abstraction: II (1951-1964)



James Brooks (1906-1992), *U*, 1952, Oil on Canvas, 38.5 x 54.5 inches, Signed on reverse

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James Brooks, Elaine De Kooning, Ibram Lassaw,
Milton Resnick, Theodoros Stamos, Albert Wein and others.

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A Survey

November 22, 2013 - February 1, 2014



Lee Hall, *Ground 199*, 1970, Acrylic on Canvas, 60 x 40 inches

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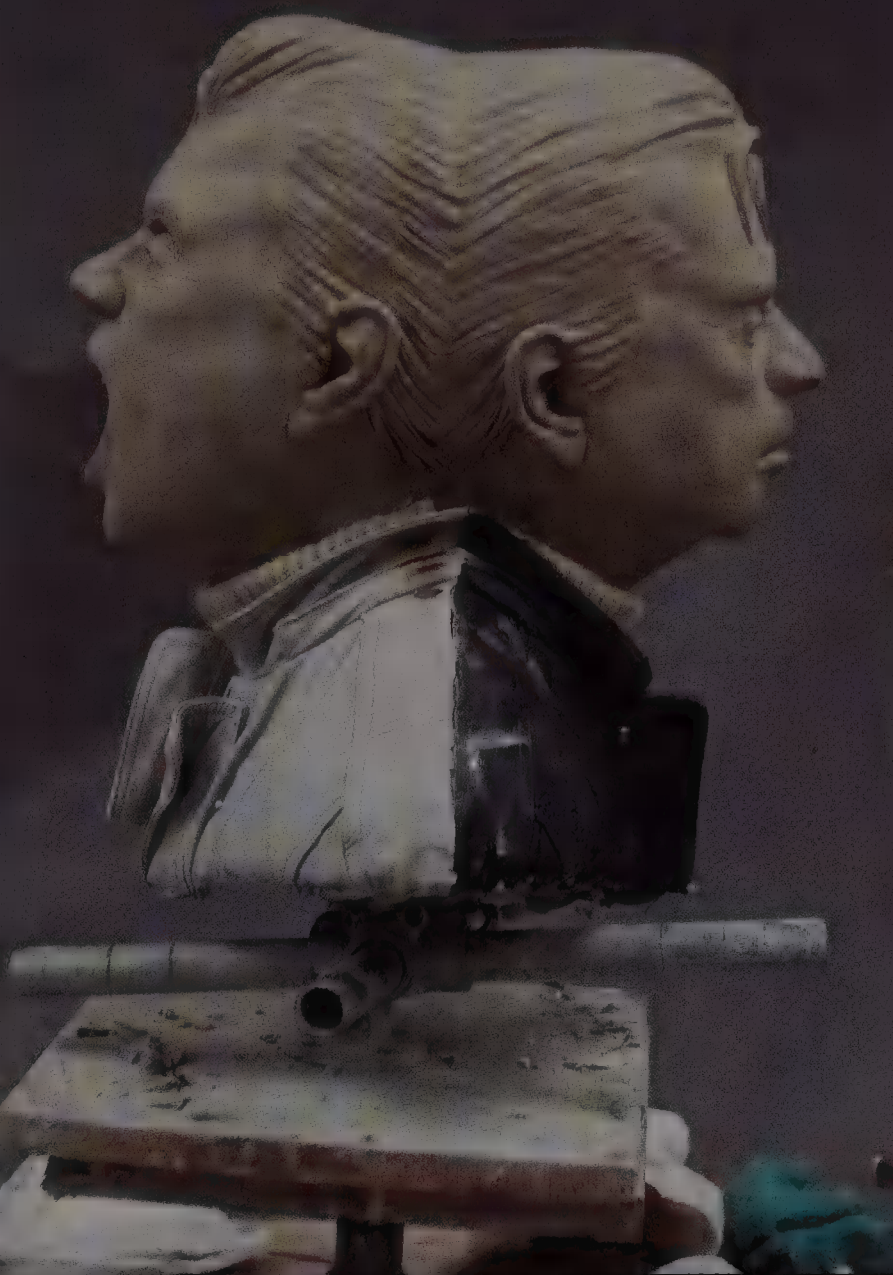
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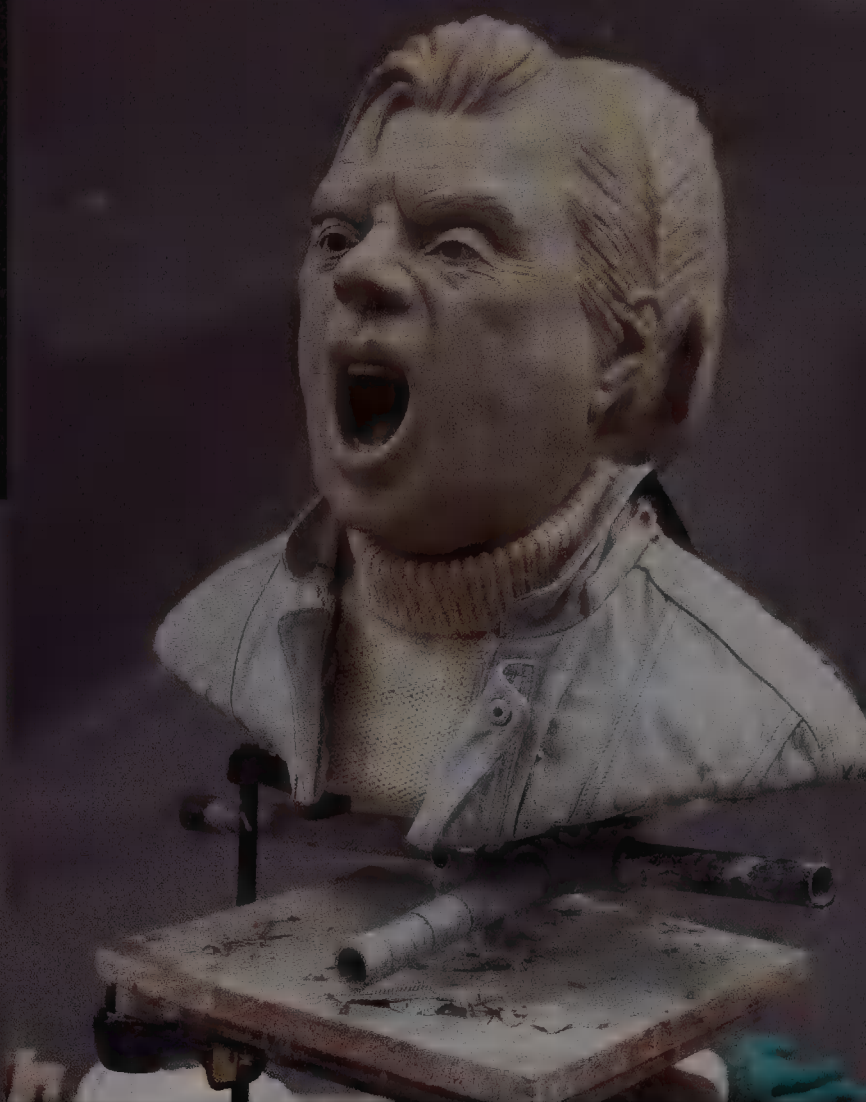
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Francis Bacon / Francis Bacon, 2013, life size



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Melissa Brown, Facing West, 2013, oil, dye and spray paint on canvas, 28" x 24"

Melissa Brown

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On 'The Degas Debate'

To the editor:

In "The Degas Debate" (June), Patricia Failing supports a sweeping but unfounded explanation for the origin of the plasters discovered at the Valsuani Foundry: that all the plasters were likely casts taken from anonymous freehand copies of Degas's sculptures. While it is beyond the scope of this letter to correct the numerous problems with such a proposal, there are five major, factually inaccurate assertions in Failing's article that must be addressed.

First, Failing's claim that the position of the feet of the *Little Dancer* plaster differs from the National Gallery's wax version of the same statue is simply not true. The feet on the plaster are in exactly the same position as on the wax today. Apparently, Failing did not realize that the plaster, like most large plasters, was cast in pieces and that the two halves of the figure were accidentally misaligned when recently joined at the waist at the Valsuani Foundry.

Second, Failing considers only the earliest, preliminary nude studies that Degas drew for the *Little Dancer*. She ignores two later, more finished drawings that exhibit rigid poses and proportions consistent with those recorded by the plaster. The dressed figures in these later Degas drawings, in the Morgan Library and the Musée d'Orsay, far more closely resemble the *Little Dancer* plaster than the National Gallery's wax.

Third, Failing erroneously cites the single-tiered base of a bronze cast from one of the plasters, *Woman Drying* (formerly *Washing*) *Her Left Leg*, as evidence that the bronze

was cast from a posthumous, freehand copy. In fact, the original plaster, from which the bronze she illustrated was cast, has a two-tiered base, which differs considerably from the corresponding Hébrard bronze. Failing could have avoided this error had she studied the actual plaster, rather than just a photograph of a bronze.

Fourth, Failing cites another Valsuani bronze, *Dancer Ready to Dance, the Right Foot Forward*, as "proof" that all the plasters are likely posthumous copies. As I previously informed her, this plaster, along with two others, are highly anomalous posthumous castings. These three plasters are the least representative of the larger group of 75 plasters. Moreover, one plaster was uniquely cast from a Hébrard modèle bronze, not a freehand copy.

Finally, in certain instances, Failing had the misfortune of being misinformed. For example, Bartholomé expert Thérèse Burolet's conclusion published by *ARTnews* in March 2012 that "nothing . . . allows one to think that Bartholomé cast in plaster a single work by Degas either during his lifetime or in 1917" is a point cited by Failing that is categorically false. Thanks to the early Degas art historian Paul-André Lemoisne, there is concrete documentation that Bartholomé cast some plasters from Degas's waxes while Degas was still alive. In a 1919 article on Degas's sculpture in *Art et Décoration*, Lemoisne reported that Bartholomé obtained permission to introduce Degas to Bartholomé's mold-maker ("son mouleur") and that, as a result, some sculptures were preserved.

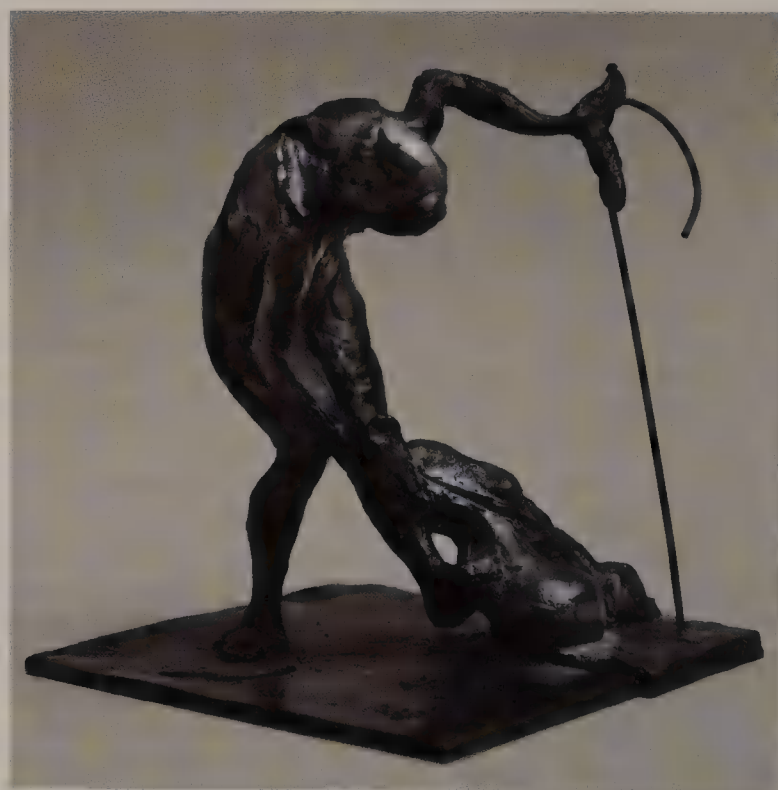
Failing's advocacy of a theoretical, one-size-fits-all determination of the plasters' origins has no empirical evidence to support it. Hundreds of pages of analysis that includes visual and measurement comparisons for each plaster plus numerous X-radiographs (combined with the National Gallery's recently published technical analysis of Degas's original waxes), indicate that the plasters fall into four dating groups. Some can be dated to Degas's lifetime, others to before 1919, while still others so closely resemble the waxes that they could be lifetime or possibly as late as 1955, the year the waxes left France. Finally, there are the three anomalous plasters that can be definitively dated to after Degas's death. Careful study of all 75 plasters makes it clear that they were not all created at the same time (nor by the same mold-maker), but (with one exception) they were cast from Degas's original waxes.

The plasters found at Valsuani provide important new documentation regarding Degas's sculpture, and each plaster needs to be considered individually and with an open mind.

Dr. Gregory Hedberg, Ph.D.
Senior Consultant, European Art, Hirschl & Adler Galleries

To the editor:

In her article "The Degas Debate" (June), Patricia Failing raised many technical questions about the newly discovered Degas plasters but particularly concerning *Little Dancer of 14 Years*. She asked how the little dancer's hips in Degas's final version at his death came to differ from the supposedly earlier plaster in which her hips are parallel instead of raised. She indicated that the lead armature sunk in the legs would be impossible to adjust. But lead is malleable and wax is soft, so it would have been no Herculean feat for Degas to have manipulated the armature so



Woman Drying (formerly Washing) Her Left Leg, Valsuani version. The base imitates the base of the posthumous Hébrard bronze.

that one hip was raised and the resultant redistribution of the wax easily achieved. Degas's model could not have maintained a raised position for long, so it is plausible that Degas modeled her in an unstrained position and later, when finished, eventually put his wax in the correct momentary dancing position. This is not inconsistent with the recent technical analyses at the National Gallery concerning reworking of the wax.

Failing's basic question of why the plasters "suddenly" appeared is the straw horse set up by the suspicious Degas sculpture experts. She posits a fairly implausible explanation of a copyist making a set of plasters after the bronze modèles which Norton Simon bought in 1976, 20 years after Paul Mellon bought the set of waxes. She does not note that John Rewald in his 1944 catalogue of Degas sculptures supposed that the waxes had been destroyed in the original Hébrard castings of ca. 1921. Wonder of wonders they appeared, with no questions asked. Then the modèle set equally wonderously appeared over 50 years after they were used to make most of the Hébrard bronzes. Why should a set of plasters with all the correct measurements be considered copies and be found in the reserves of the very foundry which since 1937 had cast the balance of the Hébrard editions?

It stands to reason that all of the three "finds" are part and parcel of the same operation—and if one can be speculated as the work of a copyist, so can the other two.

To return to the piece de resistance, *Little Dancer*, Failing notes only that the "new" plaster has a different hairdo. If it's the work of a copyist, why? Its straight

chignon is truncated and somewhat ugly, but a common French style. She does not note that the Hébrard dancer's fingers, hidden as they are turned up behind her back, are whole in the "new" plaster, but broken (and unrepaired) in the Hébrard version. It is also true that the obvious folds of her leotard make her legs thicker than the Hébrard version, but not the vastly thicker legs that Failing describes. The facial differences are only noticeable to the scrutiny of the scholar, but hardly a real change in Marie's face. Besides, if nothing more is known of Degas's work habits, we know that he doted upon playing with his "toys." A final observation between the two dancers: the "new" has a much less obvious repair to the broken right arm than the Hébrard version.

Failing also asserts the contested plasters may be handcrafted copies. Only five sets of the bronzes exist. They, and the Degas original waxes, are in recognized museums and surely none of these museums lent this work to an unknown person so he could create new Degas plasters. If this is seen as totally improbable, which it is, the only other possibility is that someone would have had to spend years attempting to accurately replicate the original waxes. Not only is this an impossible task, but also considering that the waxes are in several major institutions, it would require some or all these institutions to simultaneously agree to lend their highly fragile waxes to some unknown person to make plasters from them. This also is a highly improbable theory. If neither the modèles nor the original waxes were available from which to make new



Dancer Ready to Dance, the Right Foot Forward, Valsuani version. The left arm imitates the arm of the posthumous Hébrard bronze.

plasters, then only the available Hébrard bronze castings could have been employed and this would have resulted in new bronzes of a smaller size than the current castings.

As Professor Failing points out, there is much to learn about this situation. Hopefully, the above will add to some of the resolution she posits will eventuate.

Alex J. Rosenberg, Sc.D.,
A.A.A., A.S.A.
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Lawrence Saphire
Art historian and author,
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Patricia Failing replies:

Readers may want to consider the following points:

- There are no records of the existence of the Valsuani "Degas" plasters before the 1950s at the earliest. An enigmatic, undated note written by Jacques Sokolowsky, director of the Valsuani Foundry from 1970 to 1978, includes a sentence indicating that plasters were brought to Valsuani by master founder Albino Palazzolo "in the 1950s." The accuracy of Sokolowsky's recollection is unknown, and this note is the only document alluding to a collection of "Degas" plasters before 1980, when the current owner of Valsuani, Leonardo Benatov, is said to have found the

plasters after he purchased the foundry.

In a lengthy 1955 interview published in *ARTnews*, Palazzolo explained in detail the casting process he carried out to create the authorized Degas bronzes after the artist's death in 1917. In a letter of the same year he also explained how the waxes were preserved and stored after casting. Palazzolo never mentions a set or collection of Degas plasters. A posthumous inventory of Degas's studio lists original sculptures made by the artist but does not include a collection of plasters. None of the Valsuani plasters were among the sculptures photographed for the inventory. No one—not the artist himself, his lifetime dealers, his family and heirs, his friends or other artists, including Albert Bartholomé—ever mentioned or even alluded to a set of plaster casts of Degas's wax sculptures made during his lifetime or shortly after his death.

• The detailed technical studies of the *Little Dancer's* extraordinarily complex and unconventional inner structure recently published by the National Gallery of Art reveal several adjustments Degas made to the figure's head and upper body. These studies do not provide any indication that Degas remodeled the hip structure or leg armatures. On the contrary: to stabilize the figure, the lead armature pipes in the *Dancer's* legs were covered with clay from feet to knees. The clay "served to cement the armature in place," the National Gallery studies determined, "and prevent any movement or change to the *Little Dancer's* pose." Contrary to the claims of the dealers who are marketing the Valsuani plasters, none of the National

Gallery's detailed technical studies support the reworking of the *Little Dancer* that they propose.

▪ Degas's 1878–80 drawings of his nude model for the *Little Dancer* sculpture provide the best evidence we have for the figure's original pose. None resembles the figure in the Valsuani plaster *Little Dancer*. The drawings Degas made of his model in costume obscure her hips and upper legs, and do not provide evidence one way or the other about the sculpture's original contrapposto pose.

▪ In the 1919 inventory photograph of *Woman Drying (formerly Washing) Her Left Leg*, more than half of the iron plate used to secure the external support held by the figure's left hand extends beyond the edge of the base. In the new base, invented when the bronzes were cast after Degas's death, the plate projects only slightly from the base. This detail is also seen in the Valsuani cast, indicating that the sculpture was copied from the posthumous bronze. The bases of other Valsuani figures also include details that match new bases created after the artist's death. The dealers acknowledge, furthermore, that at least two of the Valsuani plasters were cast directly from the original bronzes.

▪ Thérèse Burrollet, the leading authority on Bartholomé who has been researching his life and work for more than four decades, states unequivocally that nothing in her research "allows one to think Bartholomé cast in plaster a single work by Degas either during his lifetime or in 1917" (the year of Degas's death). The 1919 article by Paul-André Lemoisne cited by Hedberg is well known to Burrollet and Degas scholars, and does not contradict her statement.

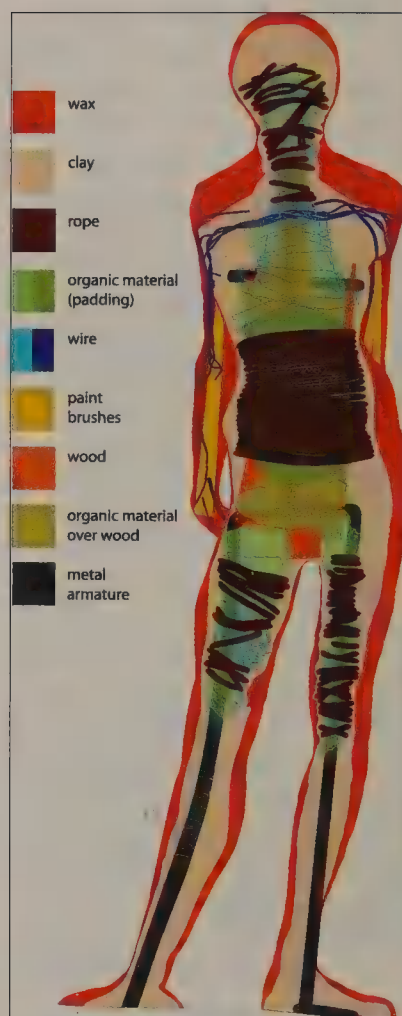
▪ The dealers acknowledge many discrepancies between Degas's extant waxes and the Valsuani plasters. Some differences in form and execution are unmistakable: for example, *The Tub*, *Nude Little Dancer*, *The Masseuse*, *Jockey with Cap*, *Little Dancer Aged Fourteen*, *Woman Drying Her Left Leg*, *Head Resting on One Hand*, *Bust*, and *Draft Horse*. In other cases, discrepancies are evident but not as discernible in photographs, as with *Woman Rubbing Her Back with a Sponge*, *Torso* and *Woman Seated in an Armchair Wiping Her Neck*.

These variations can reasonably be accounted for as independent interpretations of Degas's work by another artist or artists, perhaps working over a period of years to create a set of reproductions

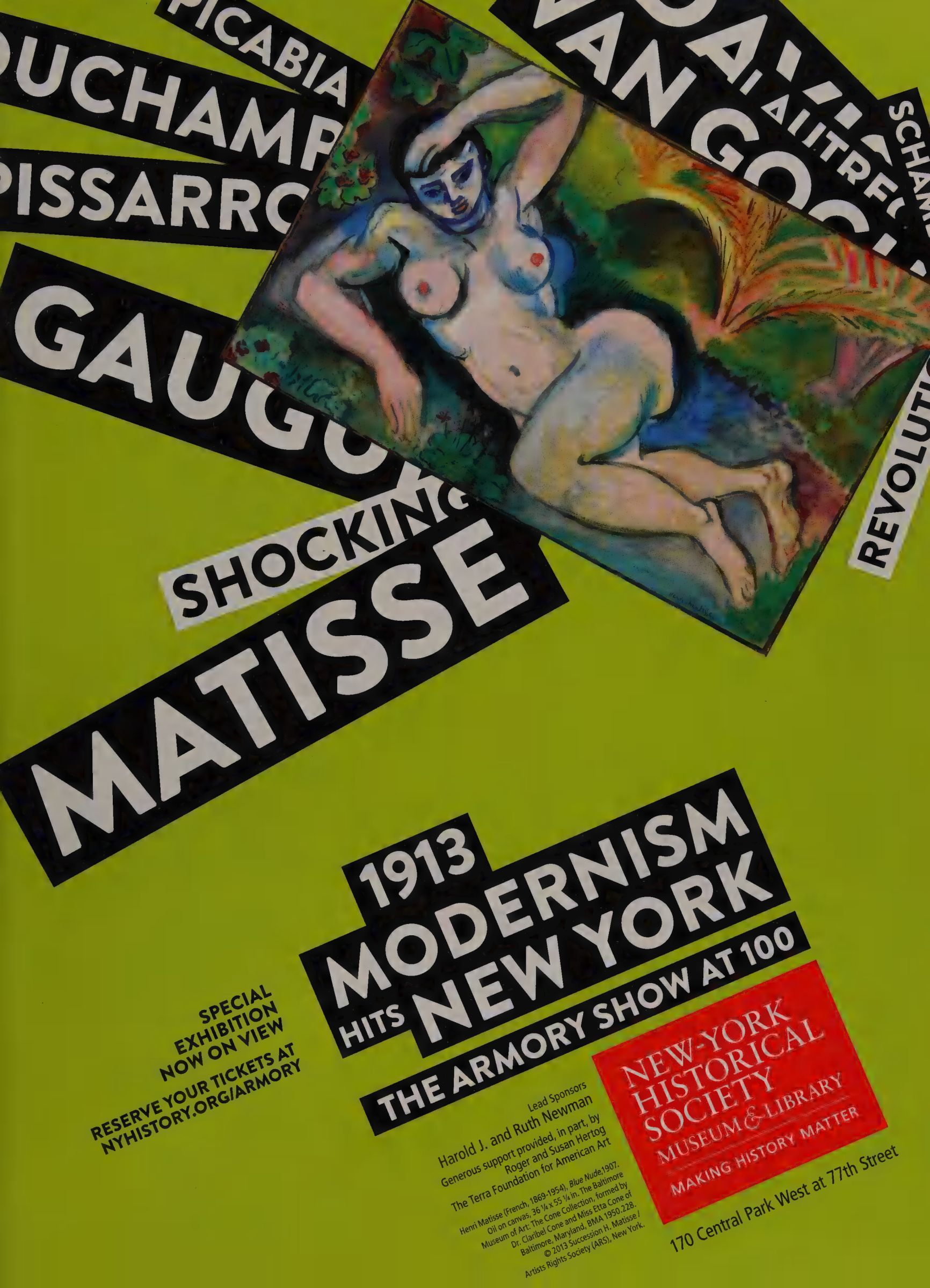
at the Valsuani Foundry, where original Degas master bronzes would have been available to copy.

Approximately 150 sculptures, many in poor condition, were found in Degas's studio after his death. It is highly significant that the Valsuani plasters match—without exception—the 73 examples selected from this group to be cast in bronze shortly afterward. The Valsuani set also includes the 74th Degas sculpture, *The Little Schoolgirl*, a wax figure not cast in bronze until the 1950s.

Since there are no historical documents to support the convoluted theories about the origin of the Valsuani plasters offered by the dealers, the "freehand copy" proposal remains the most plausible alternative. ■



Radiograph (right) and schematic diagram of the inner armature of *Little Dancer Aged Fourteen*.



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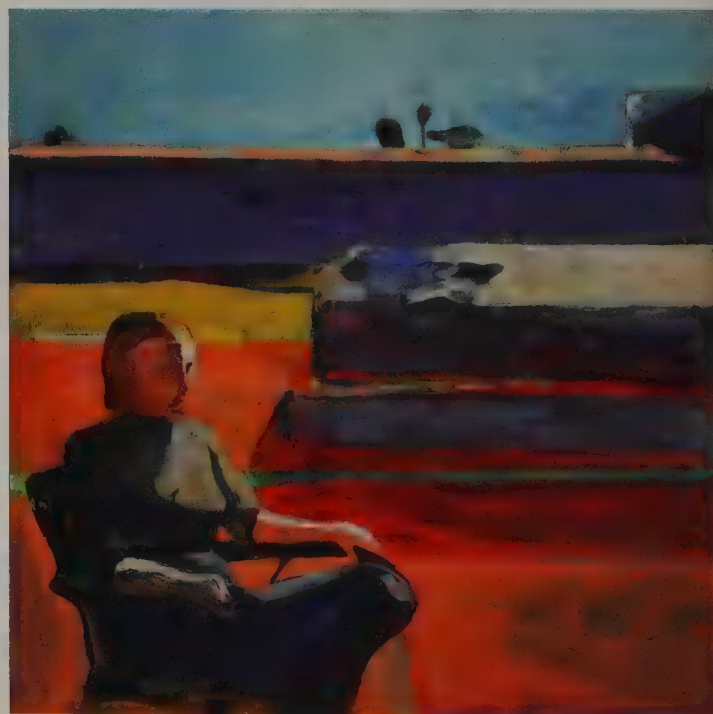
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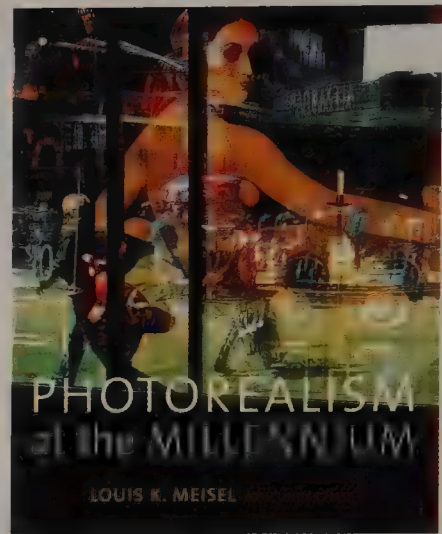
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Scenes of the Crime

"Every time there is a major theft somewhere in the world, it comes up," says **Pieranna Cavalchini**. She's referring to the unsolved 1990 heist of 13 objects, including drawings by **Degas** and paintings by **Vermeer** and **Rembrandt**, from Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, where

the show consists of two series about on the stolen pieces: the seminal "Last Seen..." (1991), for which Calle asked museum staff what they remembered of the works and photographed them in front of the then-blank walls, and "What Do You See?" (2012), which

Calle asked her interviewees to describe what they envision in the empty frames that have hung, since 1995, where the missing works once were. Those familiar with the lost art recall specific images. Others conjure more abstract ideas, or things that aren't there—one viewer imagines seeing butter-

Stewart Gardner put in her will that the permanent collection couldn't be altered after her death—"the result was absolutely striking and poetic."

"Last Seen..." has been exhibited at the Centre Pompidou in Paris, the Carnegie International in Pittsburgh,



A detail of Sophie Calle's *What Do You See? (Rembrandt, A Lady and Gentleman in Black)*, 2013. The project reflects on artworks stolen from Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in 1990.

Cavalchini is the curator of contemporary art. "It's always somebody else telling the story," she continues. "I thought it would be wonderful to be able to think about a thing like a theft, which leaves an incredible mark, through the work of an artist."

To that end, the museum presents "Last Seen," an exhibition of text- and photo-based works by French conceptual artist **Sophie Calle**. Up through March 3,

revisits the project two decades later.

While for "Last Seen..." Calle interviewed curators, conservators, and guards, she also talked to museum visitors for "What Do You See?." "In the first project, everyone spoke with their professional vocabulary," Calle recalls. "The man who carried the painting spoke about the weight, the restorer about fragility." With the second undertaking, she "knew it would go in all directions."

flies in the frame that once held Rembrandt's *Storm on the Sea of Galilee* (1633).

Before coming back last year, Calle had not been to the Gardner since making the 1991 series, so the empty frames on the walls were new to her. "The mise-en-scène of absence was even more obvious and visible," she says. "I had never seen this: Such a busy museum where you still have blank spaces. Even if it was not on purpose"—founder **Isabella**

and elsewhere, but this is its first trip to the Gardner. Cavalchini long wanted to present the work there, but early on, the trauma of the theft was too fresh; plus, there simply wasn't enough space, until the museum opened its contemporary wing last year. Several of Calle's artist's books are also on display, including *Ghosts*, which examines art that has been lent, lost, or stolen—including the Gardner works—via viewers' memories.

—**Kimberly Chou**

Play It Again

When **Agnieszka Kurant's** solo exhibition debuts at the SculptureCenter in Queens, New York, it will consist of a film of deleted characters, a library of nonexistent books, and a radio piece broadcasting silence. This is not as ethereal as it sounds. There will be sculpture, an audio installation, and a video starring a cinematic lineup that includes **Charlotte Rampling**, **Abe Vigoda**, and **Dick Miller**. The pieces reflect Kurant's interest in the immaterial—"things that do not exist but that can produce real impact and have real political, economic, or sociological consequences," she says—such as a rumor that triggers a stock-market crash.

Kurant's aim is to take rumors—those of a cultural nature—and turn them into physical works of art. Her sound installation, called *103.1 MHz* (title variable), 2012, compiles silent pauses from seminal speeches, producing a choppy string of ambient audio disseminated via a low-frequency radio transmission (see "Now Hear This," page 86). For *Phantom*



For her new video *The Cutaways*, Agnieszka Kurant revives characters that were omitted from famous films, such as the role played by Abe Vigoda (right) alongside Gene Hackman (left) in *The Conversation*, 1974.

Library (2011–12), she filled a shelf with books that only exist in works of fiction. (Think *Untitled*, the pretentious novel by the fictitious writer Richard Tull in **Martin Amis's** *The Information*). "Agnieszka bound empty pages with the title and author and has even gotten an ISBN number," explains **Mary Ceruti**, executive director and chief curator at the SculptureCenter.

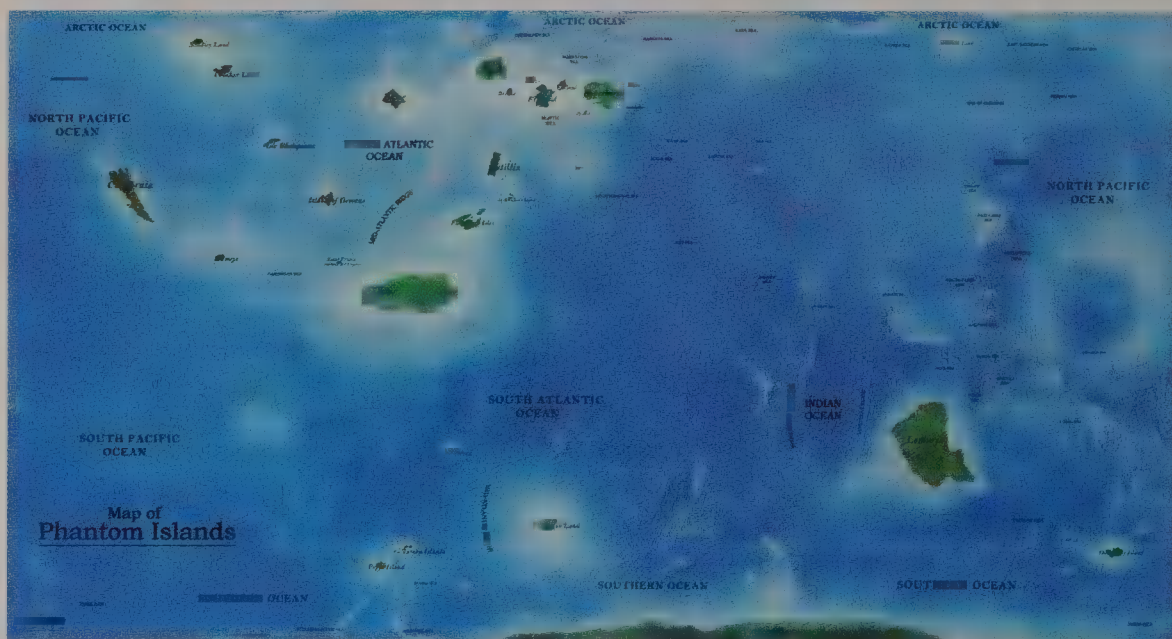
One of the more high-profile pieces in the show, which opens November 10, is *The Cutaways*, a video that weaves together roles that have been edited out of the final versions of well-known movies. "I am interested in phantom characters," Kurant notes. "Characters that have been completely deleted from the final cut of feature films, leaving no apparent trace in the stories, yet

strangely belonging to them." This is where Rampling, Vigoda, and Miller come in.

All three actors have had performances cut from films: Rampling from the 1971 action flick *Vanishing Point*, Vigoda from **Francis Ford Coppola's** *The Conversation* in 1974, and Miller from **Quentin Tarantino's** *Pulp Fiction* in 1994. In Kurant's video, all three actors re-inhabit their deleted selves in their present-day bodies. Moreover, film editor **Walter Murch** (*Apocalypse Now*, *The Godfather*) collaborated on the work.

"I think the film community is interested because it's about their history, about their process," says Ceruti. But she thinks that the real clincher may have been Kurant's strong research skills and infectious enthusiasm. "It's not every young artist who can get Academy Award-winning actors to help them realize a project with almost no budget."

—Carolina A. Miranda



Kurant's *Map of Phantom Islands*, 2013, depicts unreal landmasses envisioned by past explorers.

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Lovers and Fighters

"We are like two flowers in one pot," **Noriko Shinohara** says of her husband, abstract painter **Ushio Shinohara**.

"Sometimes, we don't get enough nutrients for both of us. But when everything goes well, we become two beautiful

movement and became known for applying ink to canvas using boxing gloves (as featured on our January cover this year). His action-based paintings serve as a metaphor for the daily battles during the couple's 40 years together. For most of the marriage, Noriko has acted as Ushio's assistant, and she has only recently

how rare this studio space was," the director says.

Noriko's drawings center on a fictionalized protagonist named Cutie, who was animated for the film. Through Cutie, we learn the history of the Shinoharas' relationship: how they met in SoHo in the 1960s; how Noriko was impressed by Ushio's avant-garde lifestyle and art; how

something in the end, but mainly it was my endurance."

Ushio's performances serve as another focal point for *Cutie and the Boxer*—clips of the 80-year-old artist pounding on canvas are paired with moments of Noriko quietly dipping her brush in watercolor paint. Before the final segment, in which Ushio and Noriko playfully come to



Noriko and Ushio Shinohara duke it out in the final scene of *Cutie and the Boxer*.

flowers." Noriko and Ushio's volatile relationship is the subject of the documentary *Cutie and the Boxer*, directed by **Zach Heinzerling**. The film, which has traveled the festival circuit across the United States, makes its European debut this month at theaters in Great Britain.

Ushio began his career in postwar Tokyo, where he was part of the Neo-Dada

begun to relate her experiences in her own artwork.

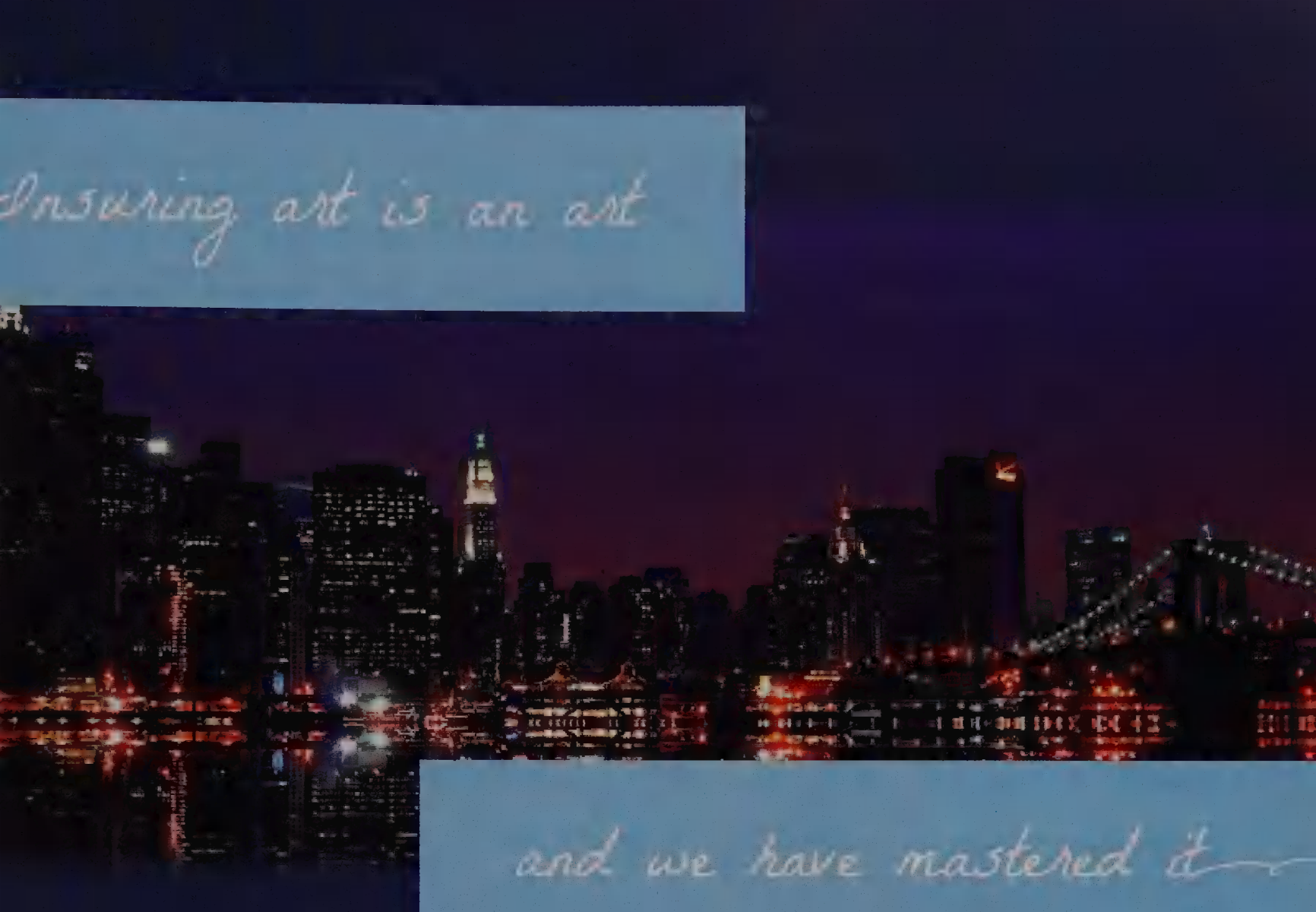
About five years ago, Heinzerling visited the Shinohara apartment and workshop in Brooklyn. Noriko was shy at first, but as soon as she brought Heinzerling into her smaller, personal studio she began to open up about her life with her husband. "I was overwhelmed by how authentic the experience felt, and

they fell in love, married, and raised their son, **Alex**.

Often, Heinzerling concentrates on the frustrations that occur in the marriage, through scenes depicting the couple discussing overdue rent, arguing over dinner, and quarreling about Alex. "It's not a typical romance," Noriko says in the film. "Maybe being opposite helped us to accomplish

blows with boxing gloves and bright pigments, we witness a calm moment in the couple's life—Ushio sketching in his studio and Noriko washing brushes nearby, ritualistically cleansing the marriage of its painful past. "They've come to a place of compromise," Heinzerling says. "They will continue to struggle but struggling is their equilibrium."

—Frances Vigna

A nighttime photograph of a city skyline, likely New York City, with numerous skyscrapers illuminated against a dark sky. The lights from the buildings and bridges create a vibrant, colorful scene.

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Now Dig This

"I noticed that sometime in the mid-2000s, so many artists took to archives and archival research, and the language of excavating became a prominent feature of contemporary art discourse," says **Dieter Roelstraete**, senior curator at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art. "All around me it looked like people were 'digging' for something or other."

Roelstraete used that concept as the starting point for the show "The Way of the Shovel: Art as Archaeology," opening November 9 at the MCA, which explores the uncovering, exhibiting, and remembering of history through the work of more

than 30 international artists, including **Mark Dion**, **Stan Douglas**, **Tacita Dean**, and **Gabriel Orozco**.

The exhibition provides, the curator explains, "an alternative History channel, where archeology is only one—admittedly powerful—metaphor among many through which this 'return of history' has articulated itself." We can clearly see the "digging" symbolism in **Cyprien Gaillard**'s installation that makes idols of detachable tools used on excavating equipment, which the Parisian artist places in vitrines atop tall white pedestals and under spotlights.

Michael Rakowitz, on the other hand, is attentive to things that can no longer

be found. Working alongside a team of assistants, he re-constructs artifacts stolen from the National Museum of Iraq during the chaos that followed the 2003 American-led incursion into Baghdad. Rakowitz's ongoing project underscores the precarious position of such objects and, as suggested in the accompanying catalogue, how the work of archeologists and looters could be construed as one and the same.

Throughout the show are continual references to **Robert Smithson**, whose work is not on view but whose "spectral presence," as Roelstraete puts it, is evident in a younger generation's sustained interest in his life, career, and untimely demise.

The Smithson connection is most apparent in **Zin Taylor**'s documentation of getting lost on his way to visit Smithson's legendary Earthwork *Spiral Jetty*, located on the Great Salt Lake and accessed via the barren Utah desert.

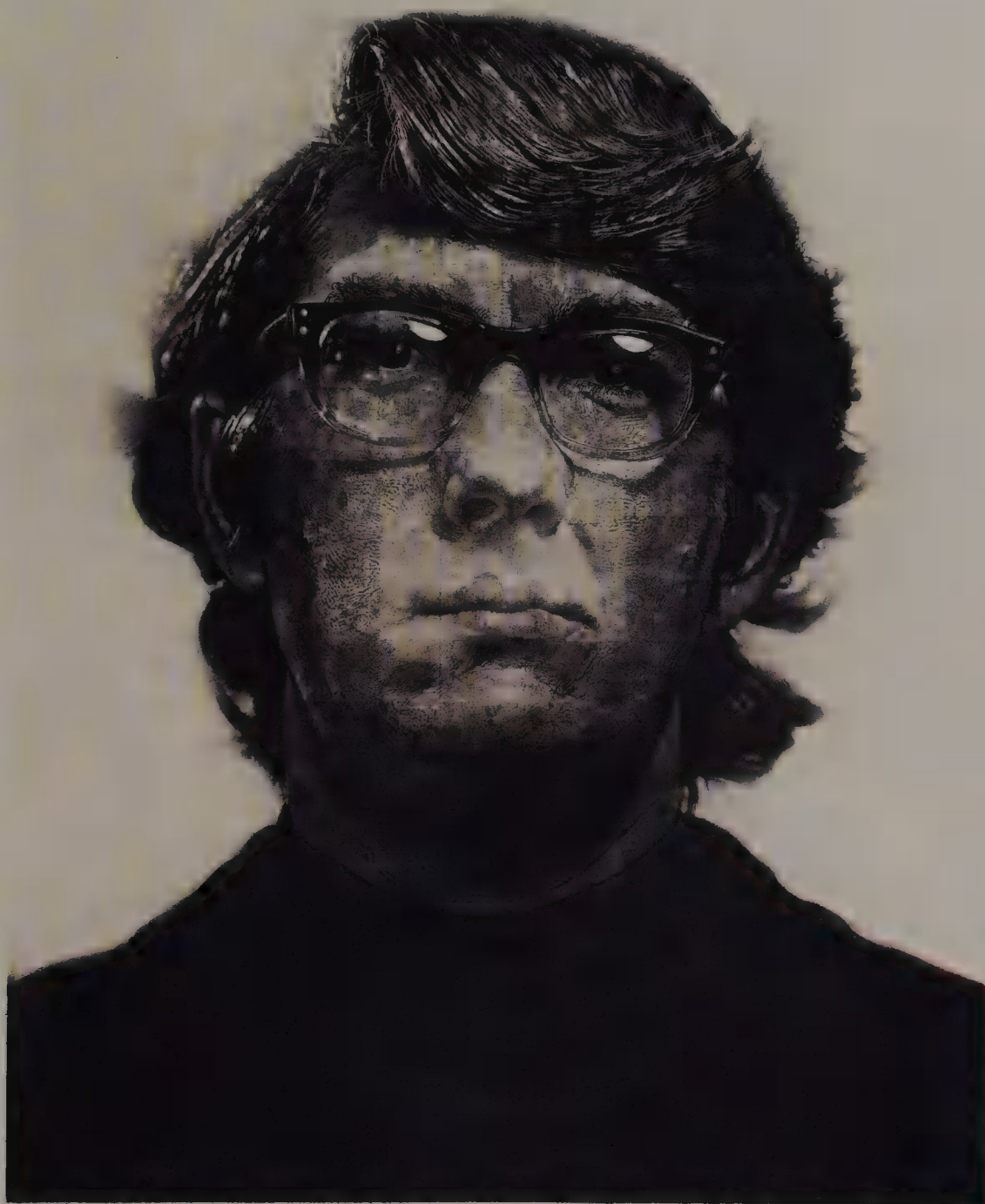
After several hours of traveling, and nearly running out of gas, Taylor and his companions conceded defeat. "I've read about people who have tried and occasionally succeeded in locating the sculpture, but in general, what exists are *thoughts about* the earthwork," Taylor writes in his travel log. His project reveals the lengths some artists will go in uncovering the past, only to come up empty-handed. —**Harry J. Weil**



ABOVE Michael Rakowitz re-creates objects looted from the National Museum of Iraq for "The Invisible Enemy Should Not Exist," 2007–ongoing. RIGHT Zin Taylor tries, and fails, to see Robert Smithson's Earthwork masterpiece in *Wrong Way to Spiral Jetty*, 2006.



CHUCK CLOSE | RADICAL INNOVATOR



Keith/Mezzotint, 1972, Mezzotint, ©Chuck Close, Courtesy Pace Gallery

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'Caterpillar' Tracks

When High Line Art director **Cecilia Alemani** approached **Carol Bove** about an outdoor commission, the Swiss-born, Brooklyn-based sculptor assumed she would be making work "the old way—high on a building that was visible from the street, or in a plaza." But Alemani had something less conventional in mind. She offered Bove her choice of any space along Manhattan's High Line, the elevated freight-train line that, since 2009, has been transforming into a park—including sections that are not yet open to the public. After numerous walking tours, Bove chose a feral, four-block stretch north of 30th Street, in an area that is presently closed for construction.

Titled "Caterpillar" and up through May, her installation features seven freestanding sculptures—mostly made from salvaged industrial materials—that wend in and out of the splintered, abandoned tracks and mingle with the weeds. The works are only accessible by way of guided tours, which visitors must book in advance. Concurrently, seven other Bove objects are on view in "The Equinox" at the Museum of Modern Art, through January 12.

"As you walk along the High Line," Bove says, "there are a lot of items that were once in use that now look sculptural—rolled-up hurricane tents, or a whole bunch of pipes in a pile." And while she did not want her contributions to appear "accidental," she was interested in establishing a certain harmony between the objects she made and their humble surroundings. To that end, *Prudence* and *Celeste* are smooth white



***Celeste* (top) and *A Glyph* (above), both 2013, are part of Carol Bove's "Caterpillar" installation for the High Line at the Rail Yards in New York.**

coils of powder-coated steel that corkscrew around themselves like oversize earthworms meandering along the rugged ground. *A Glyph* and *14*, by contrast, are constructed from rusty I beams Bove found on site that "sympathize with the railroad tracks."

Visible Things and Colors, the last piece on the tour, stands apart from its neighbors. "It really isn't outdoor sculpture," the artist says, "either in the way it's constructed or its tiny scale. I like that it's inappropriate, in a certain way."

Displayed on a short pedestal of terraced concrete,

the work's delicate network of brass lattices is bound together with eyeglass screws. "I think of it as gentle punctuation at the end of the show," she adds. "It gives viewers the chance to have an intimate experience in a public situation."

—Emily Nathan

PostWar & Contemporary



Auctions in Zurich:
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MICHELANGELO PISTOLETTO

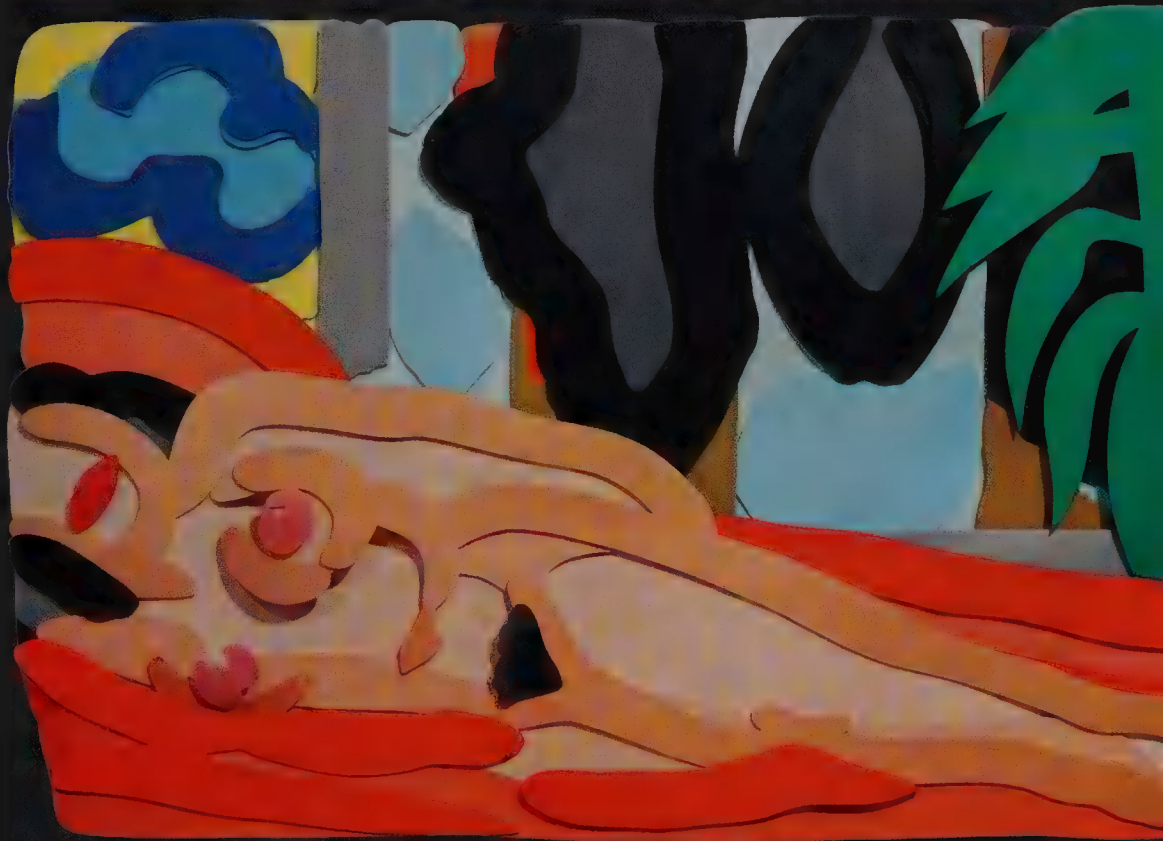
Rosa e Enzo, 1984.
Silkscreen on mirror polished
stainless steel.
43 1/4 x 47 1/8 in. (110 x 120 cm)

CHF 150 000/250 000
(\$ 160 000/270 000)

TOM WESSELMANN

Iris Nude with Motherwell, 1995.
Oil on cut out aluminium.
45 1/4 x 63 in. (115 x 160 cm)

CHF 400 000/500 000
(\$ 435 000/545 000)



Blanket Statement

When **Tracey Emin** was going to the Royal College of Art in London in the late 1980s, she broke down while viewing a radiant pink-and-yellow **Mark Rothko** painting at Tate Gallery. "I sat there and cried. I didn't know why. I knew nothing of Rothko and at the time had no understanding of anything abstracted. I was in love with **Edvard Munch**," Emin recounted in an e-mail to **Bonnie Clearwater**, organizer of the 50-year-old British artist's first museum solo show in the United States, "Angel without You," opening December 4 at the Museum of Contemporary Art, North Miami.

Clearwater had queried Emin about Rothko after seeing an unfamiliar work from 1993. Titled *Rothko Comfort Blanket* and made in collaboration with **Sarah Lucas**, the piece features a swatch of Emin's pink baby blanket with coarse yellow stitching and a label reading: FOR PRIVATE VIEWS AND OTHER

STATE OCCASIONS.

"Tracey had this epiphany in front of the Rothko and understood what an artwork can do to you emotionally," says Clearwater, who recently became director of the Museum of Art Fort Lauderdale after leading MOCA for the last 18 years. "She knew what she wanted to achieve in her work, but at the same time she felt 'trapped in a process of mannerisms and gestures'—in her words. Seven years later,

she makes the *Comfort Blanket* and uses her own baby blanket that really is the bearer of her tears, her soul."

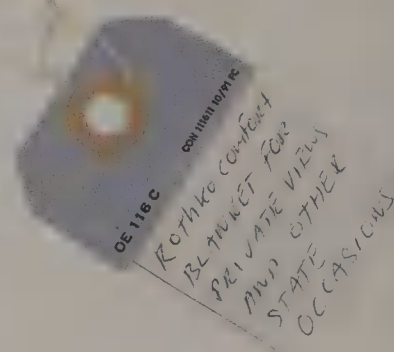
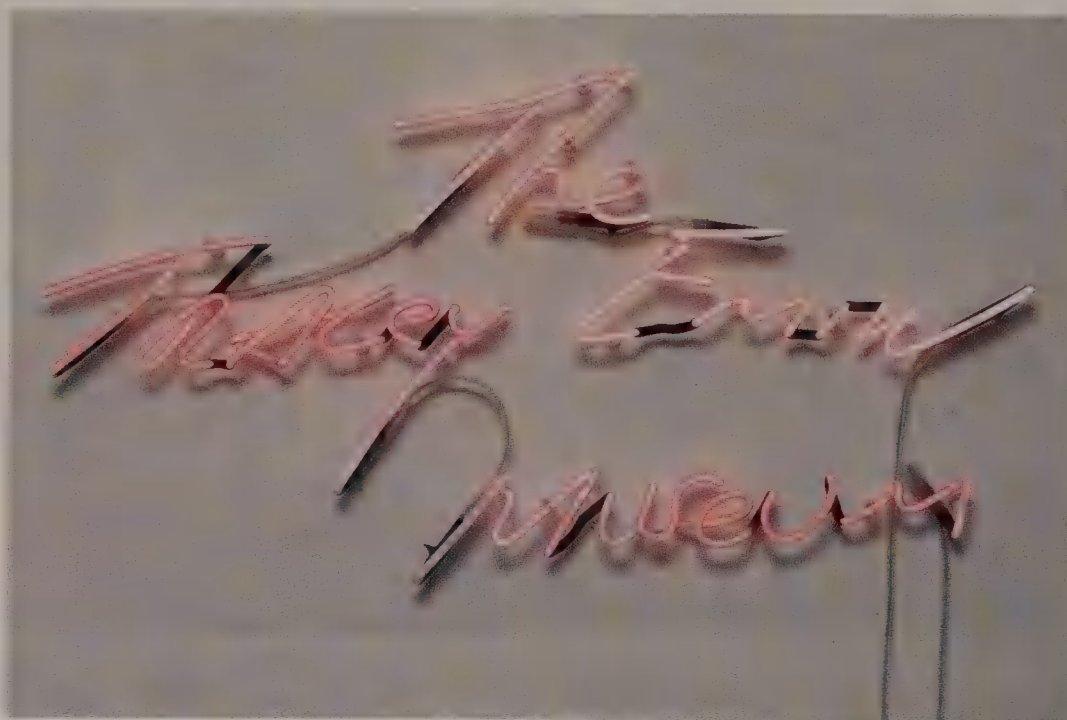
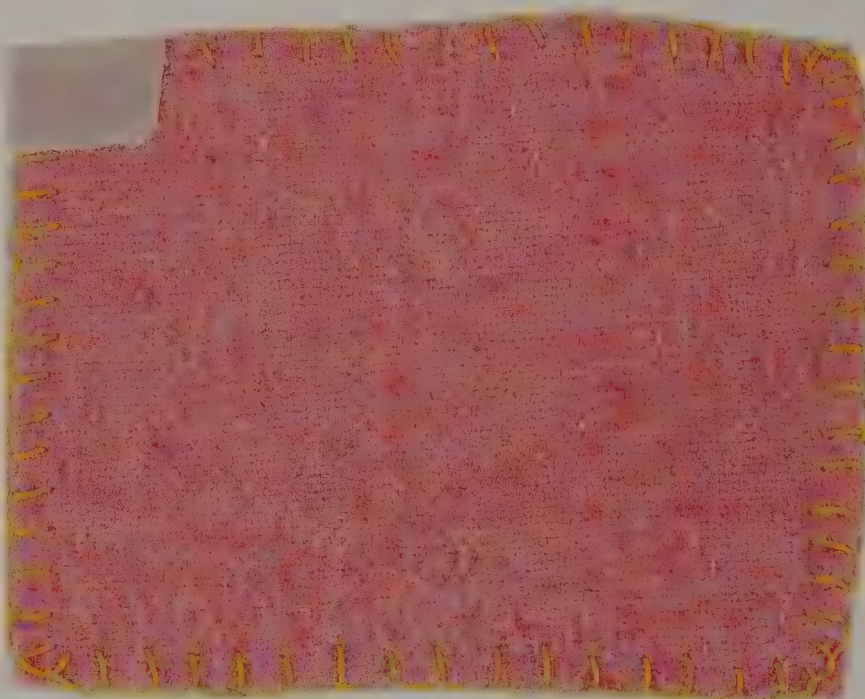
Later, Emin began constructing confessional and allusive messages of love in neon lights, which are the focus of the Miami show. Clearwater sees a relationship with Rothko in those sculptures, too. "What makes the Rothkos work is their glowing color and the vibration between the horizontal forms," she says.

"That's what gives the paintings this power and tactile quality that really reaches right into your gut. The neons create that literally."

Clearwater's interest in the Rothko connection is personal as well as scholarly. As head of the Mark Rothko Foundation in the '80s, she was responsible for recommending which museums should receive paintings from the foundation. She had specifically designated the untitled pink-and-yellow canvas (ca. 1951–52) for the Tate, where Emin had her encounter.

"As an art historian and curator, you do these things, they go out into the world, and if you're lucky you find yourself as a footnote in someone else's scholarship," Clearwater says. "But to have that kind of transformative impact on an artist who I end up working with and was an early supporter of, I was amazed that it came full circle."

—**Hilarie M. Sheets**



ABOVE *Rothko Comfort Blanket*, 1993, by Tracey Emin and Sarah Lucas.
LEFT Emin's neon sculpture *The Tracey Emin Museum*, 1995.

Sir Co-Mix-a-Lot

When the dance company **Pilobolus** asked **Art Spiegelman** to collaborate on a performance a few years ago, the avant-garde cartoonist, graphic novelist, and editor responded with his distinct brand of angst-ridden curiosity: "I don't collaborate, and I can't dance. So what's a Pilobolus?" Intrigued to learn that it's the name of a fungus and eager to procrastinate a book project, Spiegelman put aside his hatred for *The Nutcracker* and *The Red Shoes* and got to work, which would have been a lot easier without all the movement. "Dancers express emotion in time," he related in a comic strip for the *New York Times* about the experience. "Cartoonists freeze time and stuff it into boxes."

Hapless Hooligan in "Still Moving," as the 2010 noir cartoon/shadow-dance piece is called, remains part of the Pilobolus repertoire, and it is just one of many Spiegelman creations that have redrawn the boundaries of comics. An exhibition that opens November 8 at New York's Jewish Museum will trace his shape-shifting, frequently satirical, often shocking work from the past five decades.

"Art describes himself as a 'stylistic switch-hitter,' but what has remained constant is his deep interest in the history of comics and his attraction to noir thrillers," says **Emily Casden**, who is coordinating the only stateside stop of "Art Spiegelman's Co-Mix," originally organized by **Rina Zavagli-Mattotti** for last year's International Comics Festival in Angoulême, France. "His work, from the very beginning through today, is laden with references to classic comic characters like Krazy Kat, Dick Tracy, or Little Nemo from

Winsor McCay. He has an encyclopedic knowledge of comics and he has always brought it into to his art."

The show pivots on *Maus* (1978–91), Spiegelman's Pulitzer Prize-winning graphic novel about his parents' survival of the Holocaust as played out by an inky cast of rodents, cats, pigs, and other animals. "It was a return to a more traditional drawing style for him, but the content—addressing the Holocaust in comic form and making a comic book that, as he put it, 'needs a bookmark'—really exploded the definition of what a comic book could be," Casden says.

The works at the Jewish Museum follow Spiegelman from his adolescent sketches and psychedelic "comix" of the '60s and '70s; to his output at *Raw*, the edgy comics magazine he edited with his wife, **Françoise Mouly**, in the '80s; and then onto *Maus* and his covers for the *New Yorker*, such as the illustration of a Hasidic man kissing a black woman that caused a stir in 1993. A section devoted to his 23-year stint as a creative consultant to the Topps Company includes the subversive trading cards Wacky Packages and Garbage Pail Kids.

One of the most recent works represented in the exhibition is the large painted window he created last year for New York's High School of Art & Design, his alma mater. In his artist's statement for the work, he described medieval stained-glass windows as proto-comics. "Usually they told the story of some superhero who could walk on water, and turn it into wine," Spiegelman wrote. "I remain inspired by the idea that comics are a way to turn Time into Space."

—Stephanie Murg



Art Spiegelman's cover design for *Raw*: *The Torn-Again Graphix Mag*, no. 7, 1985 (top), *Self-Portrait with Maus Mask*, 1989 (above).



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ARTnews Retrospective

100 Years Ago

The crowding of a local art Gallery . . . with throngs of curious visitors, attracted, without doubt, by the advertising of the fact that in an exhibition of women artists held there, which ordinarily, and in past years has received only moderate attention, and resulted in few sales—some landscapes by the wife of the President of these United States [Ellen Wilson, wife of Woodrow Wilson] were displayed and for sale—is convincing evidence of what fashion and curiosity spell in the matter of art interest, and consequent commercial success, in this country.

—“Art As a Fashion,” November 29, 1913

75 Years Ago

Following the exhibition of paintings West of the Mississippi, the Whitney Museum this week opens its doors to the annual pageant of contemporary American painting. . . . Despite the preponderant representations of the East, doubtless because of it, the exhibition supplies an admirable cross section of a decidedly heterogeneous lot of current artistic trends. The search for new subject matter, which has been a constant stimulus to American art since the rebellion of “The Eight,” otherwise known as the “Ashcan School,” is evident everywhere among these paintings.

—“The Whitney Hardy Perennial,”
by Martha Davidson, November 5, 1938

50 Years Ago

Never more than in the past few years have repackaged esthetic formulas been promoted into new name brands. This prestidigitation—it has been called “instant art history”—depends on the hand of the artist being quicker than the eye of the audience, and what it creates is not so much the history as the para-history of art, properly the domain of the cultural historian.

—“Ellsworth Kelly: The big form,”
by William Rubin, November 1963

25 Years Ago

Today, from the private galleries to the auction houses, the audience for contemporary art is growing, along with the scope of the works it is buying. Eight years ago, when the Whitney Museum of American Art bought Jasper Johns’ *Three Flags* (1958) for \$1 million, that figure was the highest price ever paid for a work by a living artist. Current prices for similar pieces are three to four times as much, and the market for these works is still “basically the same old club, dominated by a relatively small group of serious collectors,” roughly 30 in number, according to Jeffrey Deitch, a New York art adviser. Last May at Christie’s, New York, Deitch bought Johns’ *Diver* (1962) for a client for \$4.18 million.

—“Red-Hot Goes Blue Chip,”
by Andrew Decker, November 1988



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An abstract painting featuring a vibrant orange and yellow background with a dark green, irregular shape at the top. A thin, light-colored line curves across the orange area. The overall composition is layered and textured, typical of gouache on hand-made paper.

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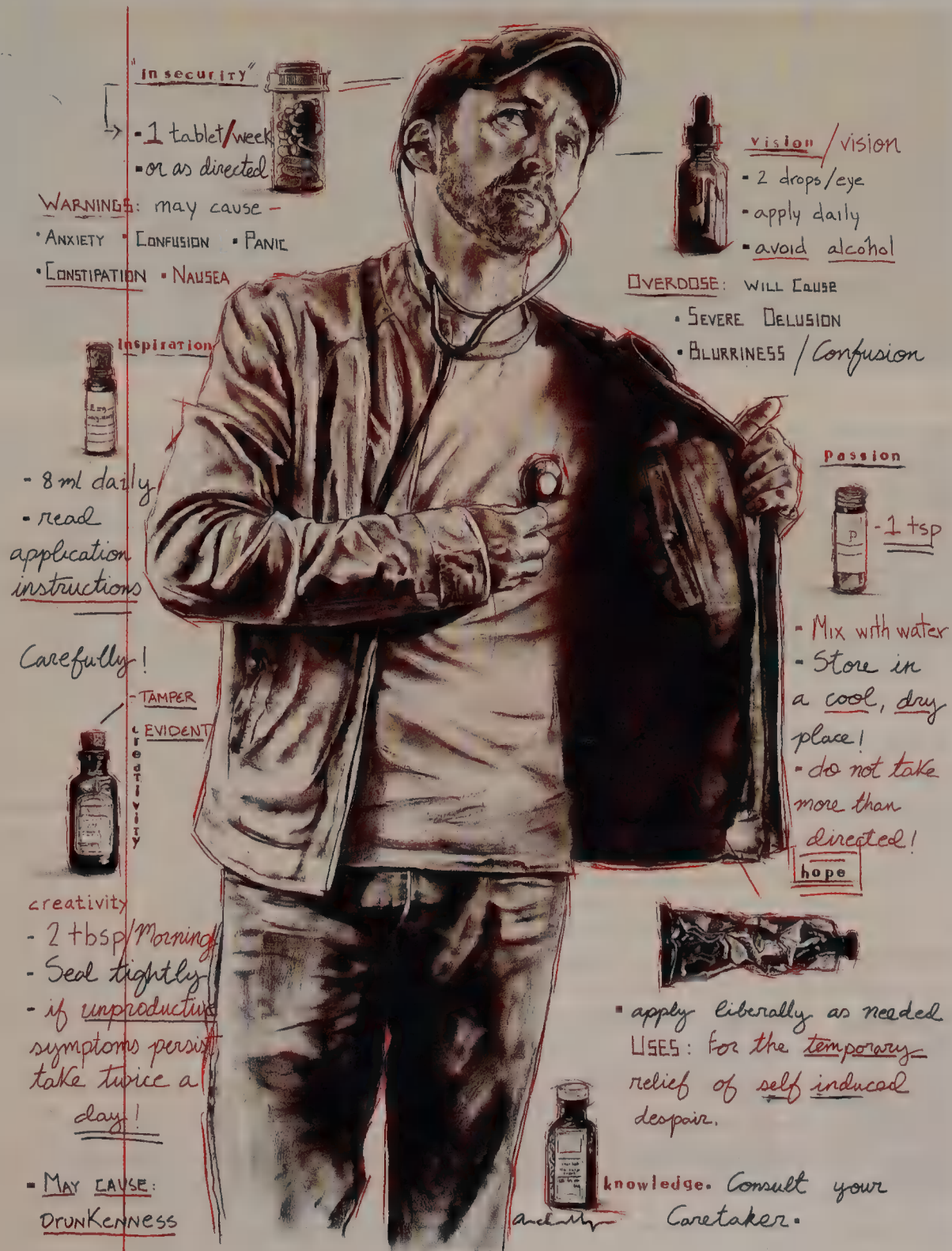
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1_The Museum the Emperor Built

One hundred and twenty years ago, Emperor Franz Joseph transformed Vienna's cultural landscape forever with the opening of the Kunsthistorisches Museum Vienna. Also known as the Museum of Fine Arts, the institution remains a crowning achievement of 19th century architects Gottfried Semper and Karl Hasenauer. From Rubens to Rembrandt, Vermeer to Velazquez, Titian to Dürer: what started as a repository for the Habsburg collections has evolved into an international treasure. In 2013, one of the world's most important chambers of art reopened at the Kunsthistorisches Museum Vienna after having been closed ten years for renovations. The state-of-the-art installation of the unique *Kunstammer Vienna* is one of Austria's foremost cultural projects and of seminal importance for Vienna's imperial heritage. The collection was regarded by contemporaries as a reflection of the universe, its task was to transmit knowledge and amaze all who saw this realm of fantasy. Extensive renovations have transformed this gem – over 2,200 objects presented on 29,000 sq-ft - into a magical space of imagination. Be enchanted by the incredible goldsmith work, bronze, ivory and wood sculptures, and exotic objects such as the golden *Saliera* and enter a world of beauty, curiosities, and imperial splendor.
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2_The 21er Haus: What's Old is New

The name comes from this striking modernist building's move into the 21st century, after initially housing the Museum of the 20th Century. Architect Adolf Krischanitz adapted and remodeled the steel and glass creation for its re-opening in 2011; the original design came from leading Austrian architect Karl Schwanzer, who first created it as the Austria pavilion for the World Exhibition in 1958. With its history of contemporary Austrian art, the building is a cultural landmark. In addition to themed exhibitions, the museum will show the estate of the sculptor Fritz Wotruba and house the artothèque of the Austrian Federation. A cinema and a café with terrace in the sculpture courtyard (designed by Adolf Krischanitz and Hermann Czech) make for a lovely visit, whether you're an architect, design buff or just a fan of the arts. www.21erhaus.at



3_History Unfolds in Tirol

Certain paintings must be seen to be believed. At over 1,000 square meters and curved 360 degrees, the magnificent work of the Tirol Panorama celebrates a long-forgotten form of art, and brings history to life before your eyes. One of just twenty such pieces to survive, it depicts an epic 19th-century battle between Tirolean freedom fighters and Napoleon's army. After traveling through Europe, the painting underwent renovations and is now housed at the Tirol Panorama in Innsbruck, alongside the Kaiserjäger Museum on Bergisel, where more than 200 years ago the story began. www.tiroler-landesmuseen.at



4_A Futuristic Winery

The Esterhazy dynasty has been known for many things throughout history—their philanthropy, art, music—and today for great wine, too. Empress Maria Theresia and composer Josef Haydn both appreciated the wine from the Esterhazy Palace cellar. Today visitors can descend on the palace's wine museum where centuries-old stories come alive. Enjoy a tasting at the Vinothek and Wine Bar and visit their modern winery, too. www.esterhazy.at



5_An Evening at the Sacher

Spend an evening at Vienna's stately Hotel Sacher and your memories will last a lifetime. A perfect night begins at the Blaue Bar. After listening to fabled stories from the barkeeper, head over for an unforgettable dinner at Anna Sacher, named for the legendary grande dame who ran the hotel until 1929. Its chef de cuisine, Werner Pichlmaier, has created a wave of devotees for his contemporary interpretation of traditional Austrian cuisine. www.sacher.com

Bringing the Pushkin into the 21st Century

Contemporary-art expert Marina Loshak, new director of the iconic Moscow museum, faces the task of modernizing and rebuilding it **BY JOY NEUMEYER**

At the back of the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts atrium, behind Italian statuary and Gothic arches, there is a tall wooden door marked "Office of the Director." Inside, oil paintings hang above a long table covered in a green brocade cloth. For over half a century, this was the office of Irina Antonova, the white-haired powerhouse who took over the Moscow museum the same year Soviet cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin became the first man in space.

At 91, Antonova was the world's oldest director of a major museum. But this summer, after she engaged in a very public spat with another prominent museum director, Mikhail Piotrovsky of Saint Petersburg's Hermitage Museum ("Haunted by History," Summer 2013), the announcement came that she was stepping down as the Pushkin's head.

Today, the office has another occupant: Marina Loshak, 57, a contemporary-art curator and a former gallery owner.

The two women's differences are vast. Antonova grew up under the reign of Stalin's Socialist Realism; Loshak came of age during perestroika, when rock bands were making a wild mockery of the decaying Soviet state. Antonova rose to power in the glacial state-controlled system; Loshak made her way in a constantly shifting commercial landscape.

But Loshak is also an insider who has proven shrewd at navigating the competing interests, and bitter fallouts, of Russia's post-Soviet art world. In a time when state museums are facing

brutal budget cuts, Loshak's commercial background was a factor in her appointment as successor to Russian art's great matriarch. At stake in the transfer of power is a \$700 million reconstruction plan—and some of art's greatest treasures.

"My entire path has been a sort of path to freedom out of captivity. But now I'm back in captivity," Loshak said in an interview in her new office. Asked what she meant, she replied, "The less weighed down you are by obligations to people, by responsibilities of various types, the freer you are." It was an unexpected statement coming from someone who has just taken over a cultural institution with 700 employees.

Loshak has large brown eyes and speaks softly but rapidly, in a mix of bureaucratic evasions and impassioned "artspeak." While her predecessor favored Monet, Loshak throws out references to artists such as sculptor Ron Mueck, who creates hyperreal naked bodies with discomfiting proportions. Loshak owns a vintage clothing store and collects hats, but she dresses modestly, with her dark hair always pulled back.

She belongs to a respected intelligentsia clan. Her husband, Viktor Loshak, is an eminent journalist. Her daughter and nephew, Marina Mongayt and Andrei Loshak, are opposition-minded hosts on an independent TV channel. She began her museum career in her native city of Odessa at age 19, working at the local literature museum while studying



▲ **New Pushkin director Marina Loshak says that she doesn't intend to be "too aggressive in introducing modern art into a traditional museum."**

philology. In 1986, she ended up in Moscow, where she found a job at the Mayakovsky Museum.

Russia's capitalist rebirth in the 1990s (the "wild '90s," as the decade is called in Russia) was a time of incredible gains—and devastating losses. Loshak quickly established herself on the side of the victors, becoming the head of one of the country's first corporate art collections, owned by Stolichny Bank. In 1998, she became the bank's press secretary and "cultural attaché." That same year, the bank (by then known as SBS-Agro) collapsed in Russia's infamous credit default, leaving millions of investors empty-handed. Loshak went on to serve as the head of the bank's Moscow Arts Center until the mid-2000s.

Loshak flatly defends her corporate

experience. "It was a very serious curatorial endeavor—it was purely curatorial, and that's it," she said.

In 2007, she cofounded Proun Gallery at Winzavod Centre for Contemporary Art, a former wine factory in Moscow that became the first in a new wave of contemporary-art spaces. Her place in the cultural firmament was cemented by a friendship with Sergei Kapkov, the former deputy to billionaire Roman Abramovich, who now heads Moscow's culture department.

Last year, Kapkov appointed Loshak to lead the rebranding of several galleries under a single name, Manezh, located in the exhibition hall of that name near Red Square. Under her leadership, Manezh emerged as one of the city's leading contemporary-art platforms. Earlier this year, an installation by Japanese artist Chiharu Shiota turned the space into a kind of gothic cobweb, with ghostly suspended dresses and a mass of tangled black threads.

The announcement that Loshak was to replace Antonova at the Pushkin sent shock waves through the Russian art world. Antonova had, after all, outlasted seven Russian leaders. She took over the museum in 1961, a year before Khrushchev famously called modern artwork "dog shit" at an exhibition in the Manezh.

Antonova is credited with elevating the Pushkin Museum into an international presence, organizing landmark exhibitions that brought such artists as Picasso and Modigliani to the Soviet Union. She established the museum's private collections wing, which contains over 7,000 objects of Russian and Western European art. She is also known for her extensive contacts abroad, which she used to bring in blockbuster shows of artists including Dalí, Caravaggio, and, most recently, the Pre-Raphaelites.

Her tenacity got her into trouble earlier this year, when she used the occasion of President Putin's annual television call-in show to petition for the reestablishment of the Museum of New Western Art. Established in 1923 with treasures from the nationalized collections of Moscow merchants Sergei Shchukin and Ivan Morozov, the museum was dissolved in 1948 by Stalin and its works were divided between the Pushkin Museum and the Hermitage.

Antonova demanded that the Hermitage hand over its share of the treasures, which provoked an angry response from Piotrovsky, who said his museum "must not be touched."

The Pushkin denied that Antonova's removal had anything to do with the conflict, stating that she wanted to spend more time with her family. Loshak and Minister of Culture Vladimir Medinsky both say that Antonova picked Loshak as her successor. Antonova told *Izvestia* newspaper, however, that she was forced to pick from a list of candidates selected by the Ministry of Culture.

The Pushkin Museum was founded in the 19th century as an affiliate of Moscow State University. The 1912 opening ceremony was attended by Czar Nicholas II. Today, the museum has approximately 600,000 objects, from ancient Egyptian reliefs to the modern

works from the Shchukin and Morozov collections. On any given day, there is likely to be a line of people waiting to get in.

"It's an absolutely traditional museum, in the best, classical meaning of the word," Loshak said. "And like all museums that are no longer young, it needs to be updated."

The museum's building has an impressive columned portico and an innovative glass-roofed atrium, but its facilities are aging; the only place to get something to eat is the Soviet-style basement canteen. Loshak rattled off a list of several "obvious" changes she thinks are needed, from new technical equipment and lighting and an overhaul of the website to more outreach to young people. A new, higher-tech tone was set over the summer, when Loshak asked followers on her Facebook page to offer their suggestions for the museum.

Loshak rebuffs comparisons to her predecessor. "I'm staying true to myself and my own ideas about how to work," she said. "Everyone has strengths and weaknesses, and I think everyone should focus on his or her own strengths."

For the time being, emerging from Antonova's shadow is difficult. The former director has stayed on as president, and continues to come to the

► **Former Pushkin director Irina Antonova looking over Norman Foster's plan for the Pushkin's expansion. Since Foster's departure, the plan's fate is in limbo.**



office almost every day. Antonova "is welcome to participate in everything, including strategic planning," Loshak said diplomatically.

The most pressing issue Loshak has inherited is the museum's massive rebuilding project, which remains in limbo since British architect Norman Foster's resignation last summer. Under Foster's ambitious plan, commissioned in 2006, the museum's size would more than double, to include cafes and a concert hall.

The project stalled after President Putin's reelection in 2012. Antonova defended it staunchly from criticism by both architectural preservationists, who feared that historic buildings would be destroyed, and Moscow's mayor, who recommended moving storage facilities to the city's outskirts.

Loshak told *ARTnews* that "nothing has been canceled; all the finances are in place." She added that Foster's project

was being "tweaked" to address the concerns of preservationists.

Days later, however, when chief city architect Sergei Kuznetsov issued an ultimatum to Foster either to see the project through or to leave it, Foster + Partners revealed that the firm had already pulled out in June.

Kuznetsov has raised the possibility of a new design competition, but Loshak has said that the museum hopes to convince Foster to return to the project.

In 1945, as a young staff member, Antonova helped the Pushkin Museum unpack war trophies seized from Germany during World War II. In 1991, *ARTnews* revealed that the museum's secret depositories held the Trojan Gold, a hoard of gold artifacts found in the ruins of Troy by German archeologist Heinrich Schliemann in 1873, along with many other treasures taken from defeated Germany. Antonova steadfastly opposed their return.

Loshak also supports keeping items taken during the war so long as they are displayed as such. "The most important thing," she said, is not to hide their origins, but to show them openly.

She understands Antonova's fight for the Museum of New Western Art. "It's the dream of a person who visited this museum as a young woman," Loshak said. "I understand these feelings and share them. The thought of seeing the museum reborn and all these artworks together again gives me goose bumps." But she urges restraint, saying that "neither side can force anything. It's a decision that should be made in the upper levels of government."

The Pushkin Museum has ventured little into contemporary art or new media. There is no video or performance art; there are no installations. "Everyone's worried that I'll be too aggressive in introducing modern art into a traditional museum," Loshak said. "In no way do I support being aggressive. I just think that a smart, talented update is good for any museum."

She pointed to the Hermitage as an example of successful modernization. Over the past several years, the Hermitage has staged a variety of contemporary exhibitions such as *The End of Fun*, an installation by Jake and Dinos Chapman that had plastic figurines slaughtering one another in the shape of a swastika.

Loshak said she dreams of showing films by Peter Greenaway in the Pushkin Museum's Dutch Golden Age gallery or placing work by Mueck in the atrium. "He'd fit in wonderfully next to our *David*," she said, referring to the museum's cast of the Michelangelo sculpture.

Asked if she'd had time to walk around the museum's vast warehouses, her eyes lit up. "Of course, there are so many interesting things, she said. "I'd like to spend more time down there in storage, but they don't let me."

She smiled, before getting up and being led away to her next appointment. She is, after all, in captivity now. ■

Joy Neumeyer is a reporter for the *Moscow News* and other publications.



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PHOTO: JASON GREGORY



JOHN HENRY *La Tour*, 50' H x 25' L x 20' D
Most recent work on location at Georgia Tech. Atlanta, GA

Swiss Museum Building Boom

From a cultural complex in Lausanne to an expanded Kunsthaus in Zurich, Swiss museums are creating new spaces for art **BY MARY KRIENKE**

With more than 1,000 museums in Switzerland—one-third of them devoted to art—one might argue that art rivals the Alps among the country's treasures. Currently, cultural institutions in Basel, Zurich, Geneva, and Lausanne are undergoing ambitious expansions, all aimed at significantly upgrading the accommodations of their impressive collections.

Basel, home of the world's first municipally funded public art museum, which dates back to 1661, was the first to break ground on a major addition to its venerable Kunstmuseum. Art is an extremely important part of the cultural fiber of the city—and so, in contrast to other Swiss locales, where cultural endeavors can undergo an agonizingly slow approval process, the project received widespread support from both private and political sectors of the population.

Slated to open in 2016 and designed by the young local firm Christ & Gantenbein, which won an anonymous design competition, the extension will be located across the street from the present Kunstmuseum building and will be connected to it by an underground passage. Described by the architects as "both contemporary and classic," it is starkly angular in design, with a subtly textured facade that becomes lighter and smoother as it rises in height. A band of

light-emitting diodes toward the top can be used to announce exhibitions.

Providing roughly 86,000 square feet of sorely needed exhibition space, the structure will fit harmoniously into "a very delicate urban situation with diverse architectural styles and will correspond esthetically to the old building," says museum director Bernhard Mendes Bürgi. The estimated cost of 100 million Swiss francs (\$110.5 million) will be shared equally by the city of Basel and the Laurenz Foundation, which was founded by Basel resident and art patron Maja Oeri.

Similar changes are afoot in Zurich, where the "New Kunsthaus," designed by David Chipperfield Architects and

scheduled to open in 2017, will effectively double the Kunsthaus's exhibition space and add generous areas for public functions, as well as a second entrance, a cafe, and an expansive garden. With an overall budget of 206 million Swiss francs (\$227.7 million)—financed, as with the Basel expansion, by a combination of public and private support—the extension will also be located across from the main building and connected by a tunnel. Its sandstone facade will pay homage to the original, century-old Modernist building designed by Karl Moser. Likewise, its interior layout will continue the Kunsthaus's concept of a "house of rooms," in the words of director Christoph Becker, with spaces of various sizes, proportions, and materials. "We chose not to be fashionable," says Becker, a firm believer in the *haus* (house) model for museums, rather than a sterile network of uniformly vast, white spaces. "While we see this not only as an addition but as a new museum," he says, "we want to preserve the Kunsthaus's welcoming quality, where visitors can gain a familiarity with works of art in appropriate surroundings."

The Kunsthaus is also gaining two important private collections. The acquisition of the Foundation E.G. Bührle collection, which will be exhibited in its

► **A rendering of the Kunstmuseum Basel's 86,000 square-foot extension, which features large exhibition areas with abundant natural light.**



own space, will enable Zurich to boast the largest European ensemble of Impressionist paintings outside Paris. And 70 works from the Hubert Looser Collection of Abstract Expressionism, Minimal Art, and *arte povera*, which were on view at the Kunsthaus this past summer, will enter the Kunsthaus's holdings as a long-term loan.

While the Zurich and Basel projects will add substantially to existing museums, Lausanne envisions a whole new cultural complex, dubbed "Plate-forme Pôle muséal." This spacious urban area devoted to the visual arts is destined to cover a large tract of land adjacent to the city's train station, currently occupied by railroad yards and a defunct locomotive depot, and it will encompass three existing museums: the Musée cantonal des Beaux-Arts (mcb-a), the Musée de design et d'arts appliqués contemporains (mudac), and the Musée de l'Elysée, devoted to photography.

The long preamble to this massive project dates back to 1991, when public consensus held that the existing mcb-a building was both antiquated and inadequate, according to 21st-century standards of museology. The evaluation of several sites, and a rejected plan to build a new museum on the shores of Lac Léman (Lake Geneva), finally led to the current solution, which will provide adequate space for all three museums. "Each museum will have its individual identity," says Chantal Prod'Hom, director of mudac. "This is definitely not a merger. Together they will create a dynamic urban environment devoted to culture, which will be open day and night."

Although details for implementing the "Plate-forme Pôle muséal" are not yet finalized, the young Barcelona-based architectural firm Estudio Barozzi Veiga was chosen to realize the new mcb-a structure and to oversee the overall plan. Their design, which won an open competition attracting 136 international entrants, calls for a low, elongated building whose longitudinal lines reflect the site's previous function as a rail transportation hub.

Geneva's Musée d'Art et d'Histoire, meanwhile, faces a more complex renovation. When Jean-Yves Marin signed



on, in 2009, as the director of this Beaux-Arts masterpiece designed by Marc Camoletti and built in 1903, he faced the dual challenges of renovating the existing building, which is in urgent need of repair, and adding exhibition space for the museum's encyclopedic collections. He also inherited French architect Jean Nouvel's highly controversial "projet Nouvel," initially accepted in 1998, which called for major architectural changes such as bridging the museum's central courtyard with a series of "plateaus," and adding a panoramic restaurant, which would rise above the existing museum's rooftop.

Marin embraced the challenge, and his regular meetings with the Nouvel team have resulted in many significant changes—notably, preserving the central courtyard's open layout by recasting the "plateaus" as a series of steps rather than total enclosures, and scaling back the restaurant to conform to the building's present profile. The new design also features a tunnel that connects the present structure with an adjacent building, which will contain facilities for concerts and symposia. Marin expects the reconfigured plan to add more than 100,000 square feet, of which some 75,000 will comprise exhibition space. Most importantly, the plan will "respect the spirit of a museum built at the beginning of the

▲ Lausanne's "Plate-forme Pôle muséal" transforms old rail yards and a locomotive depot into a scenic esplanade.

20th century, while enabling us to exhibit our diverse collections in a coherent manner," he says.

There have been pledges of generous financial support from a foundation set up by local art patrons and a donation of 40 million francs (\$44.2 million) from the Gandur Art Foundation, which comes with the long-term loan of Jean Claude Gandur's collection of art and antiquities. The "projet Nouvel" was undergoing final cost analysis before submission to Geneva's municipal council, when, in late September, two local groups dedicated to protecting the cultural and historical *patrimoine* (heritage) registered their opposition to two aspects of the latest plan: the height of the roof and modification of the courtyard. This raised the possibility of a popular referendum, a frequently exercised feature of Swiss politics, which Marin had hoped to avoid. There are hurdles ahead but the optimistic completion date of 2020 remains intact. ■

Mary Krienke is the Geneva correspondent for ARTnews.

Former Partners Fall Out

A dispute over controversial Degas sculptures goes to court

BY WILLIAM D. COHAN

Canadian businessman Yank Barry and New York art dealer Walter Maibaum were once allies in Maibaum's ongoing effort to manufacture and sell controversial bronze sculptures cast from what he calls "recently discovered Edgar Degas sculptures in plaster." Now Barry and Maibaum are opponents in a civil breach-of-contract lawsuit Maibaum filed against Barry in federal court in Manhattan in June.

According to court papers, Maibaum accuses Barry—the founder of VitaPro, a company that markets soy-based meat replacement products—two of Barry's colleagues, and Barry's Global Village Champions Foundation Inc. of intentionally absconding with an unspecified number of complete sets of 73 bronze sculptures, plus at least one bronze cast of Degas's most famous sculpture, *Little Dancer, Aged Fourteen*, without paying for them, despite entering into a contractual obligation with Maibaum's Degas Sculpture Project Ltd. to do so.

The bronze sculptures were cast from plasters reportedly found recently at the Valsuani Foundry in Chevreuse, near Paris. Maibaum states in the complaint that the bronzes were made from "seventy-five previously unknown plaster casts made from Degas' original wax sculptures."

Many of the most important Degas scholars dispute Maibaum's claim that the plasters originated from Degas's waxes. Accordingly, they question the authenticity of the bronzes recently cast at Valsuani from those plasters ("A Controversy over Degas," April 2010).

Maibaum claims that Barry agreed to buy ten sets of the 73 bronze sculptures (without the *Little Dancer*), on November 6, 2009, for a "confidential purchase price" but never paid for them or returned them.

"The works covered by the agreement

have an appraised value exceeding \$20,000,000 per Set," according to the complaint.

Maibaum claims that Barry paid him \$1 million "against a confidential purchase price vastly exceeding that figure for rare and important works of art appraised at a total value exceeding \$30,000,000."

In August 2011, *ARTnews* reported that Barry hired art dealer Stewart Waltzer, who in 2009 appraised the complete set of 74 bronze sculptures—dubbed by Maibaum the "Valsuani Edition," because they were cast at the Valsuani Foundry—at \$37.25 million, including \$15 million for the *Little Dancer* alone. In 2011, Barry told *ARTnews* that he had paid between "\$7 million and \$20 million" for the set of 73 bronzes, which Waltzer appraised at \$22.25 million. Barry would not say what he paid for the *Little Dancer* because, he claimed, its purchase price was subject to a confidentiality agreement.

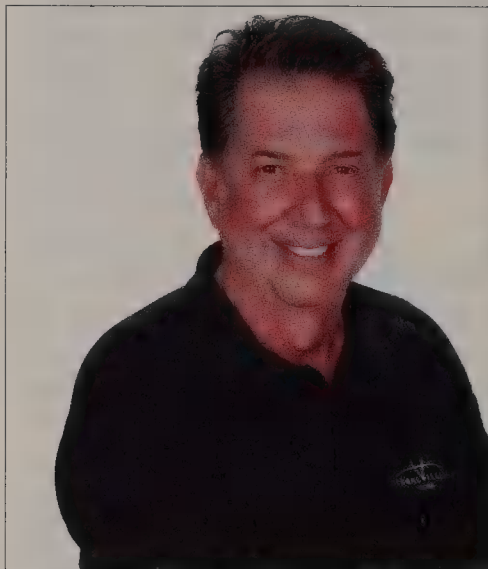
Barry did not respond to *ARTnews's* request for comment on the lawsuit or on the discrepancy between the millions

Barry said he paid Maibaum and the \$1 million Maibaum said he received from Barry. In July, he told the Courthouse News Service that he had not seen Maibaum's complaint.

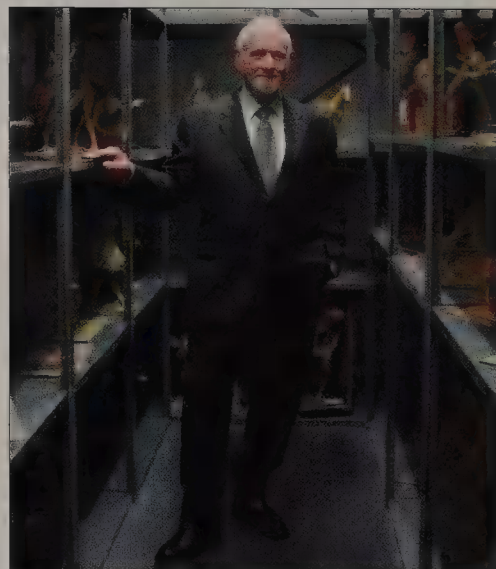
In the lawsuit, Maibaum claims that Barry's Global Village Champions Foundation Inc., "ostensibly, a nonprofit charitable foundation with the stated admirable purpose of eradicating world hunger," is "in actuality an instrumentality of fraud utilized for the personal benefit of its founder, directors and officers." Maibaum also alleges that Barry represented to him that he had lined up such "prominent and celebrity purchasers" for the sets of bronzes as Muhammad Ali, Steve Wynn, the Orange County Choppers, and the planned Louvre Abu Dhabi, but that he never delivered on his promises.

The relationship between Barry and Maibaum began in 2008, when Barry "expressed an interest" to Maibaum in "acquiring, brokering and/or selling Sets" of the Valsuani bronzes. On November 15 of that year, Barry signed a contract with Maibaum in which he agreed to buy at least two sets of the 73 bronzes, with an option to purchase up to eight additional sets "at a confidential price."

Barry continued to negotiate aspects of the contract, Maibaum contends. In August 2009, Barry wrote to Maibaum, according to the complaint, that "the funding is in place for my purchase of

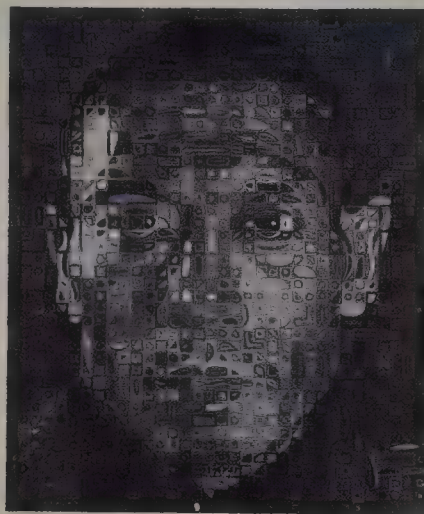
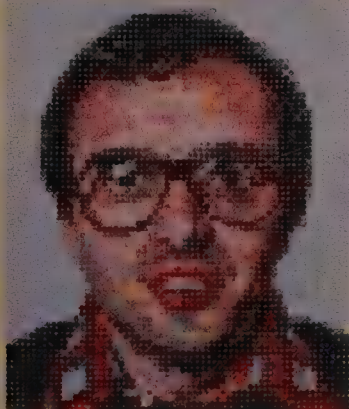
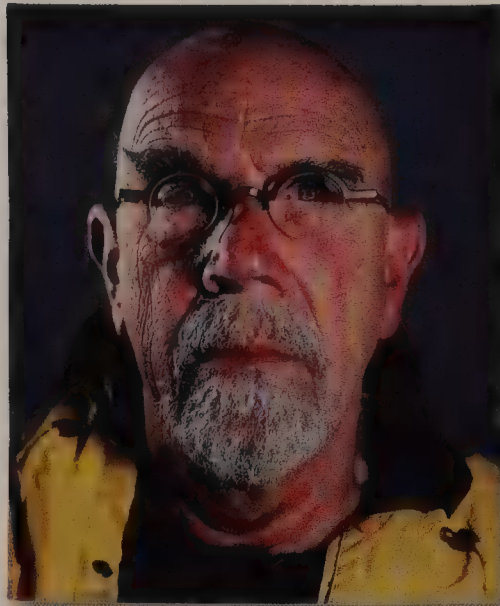


▲ Canadian businessman Yank Barry is being sued by his former partner.



▲ New York art dealer Walter Maibaum with controversial sculptures.

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Clockwise from left: *Sienna (3/4 View)*, 2013, Archival Watercolor Pigment Print on Hahnemühle Rag Paper; *Self-Portrait (Yellow Raincoat)*, 2013, Jacquard Tapestry; *Cindy (smile)*, 2013, Archival Watercolor Pigment Print on Hahnemühle Rag Paper; *Linda*, 2012, Multiples made using felt stamps to hand apply oil paints on a silkscreen ground; *Zhang Huan II*, 2013, 59 color silkscreen with airbrush; *Mark*, 2012, Multiples made using felt stamps to hand apply oil paints on a silkscreen ground. ©Chuck Close, Courtesy Pace Gallery

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the Set and our partnership" and that "we can sign our [new] partnership agreement [in Paris] . . . and the money will then be released."

But, Maibaum claims, Barry "failed to pay for the purchase of any Sets" of bronzes under the original contract.

The two parties entered into a new agreement in November 2009. Barry agreed to buy ten sets of the 73 Valsuani bronzes and pay for them on an installment basis. That never happened, either, Maibaum claims.

Even though, according to Maibaum, Barry never paid for his ten sets, he offered to buy another set of 74 Valsuani bronzes—this time including the *Little Dancer*—that he said he wanted to offer as prizes in a raffle his foundation was organizing to benefit the victims of the 2010 Haiti earthquake.

Maibaum claims that he originally balked at this proposal but eventually agreed, in June 2010, to sell a set of

74 bronzes to Barry for a "confidential price," to be paid in installments. The agreement was then modified several times. But in the end, Maibaum claims in the lawsuit, Barry's efforts to raffle off the individual bronzes as prizes for a fundraiser was nothing more than a sham.

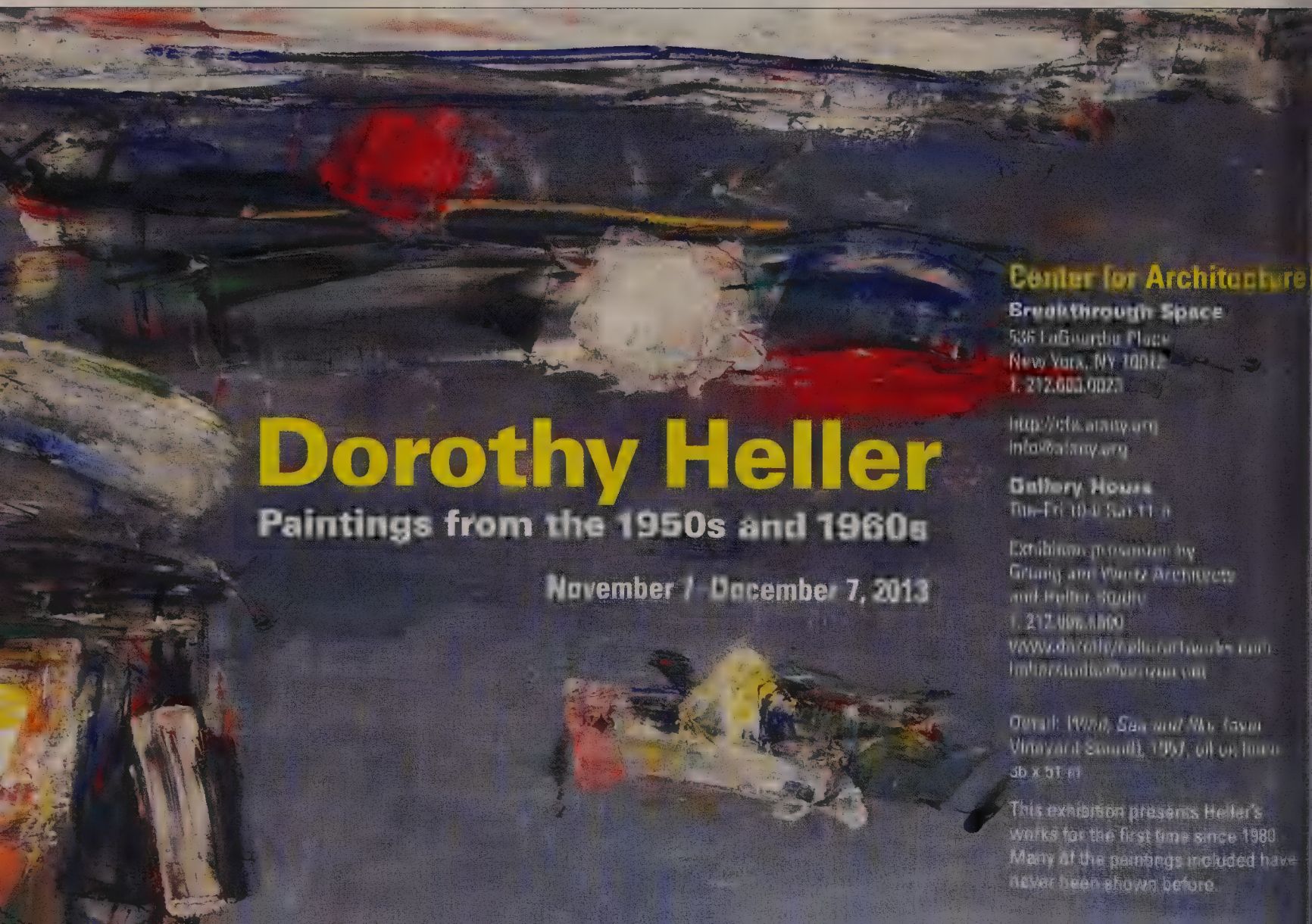
Maibaum further claims that Barry "intentionally undercapitalized" the Haiti benefit, "intentionally agreed to an installment payment schedule it could not fulfill and then leveraged and exploited the purported concerns for earthquake victims to renegotiate those installment obligations and personally obtain immediate possession of the art works leaving [Maibaum] in the unenviable position of suing an ostensible charity that had been looted of its ability to pay its obligations." Maibaum claims that he "delivered millions of dollars of fine art works" to Barry and his colleagues "and not

one penny from the same aided any victim of the horrible Haitian tragedy utilized to obtain that property."

Although the most important Degas scholars doubt that the bronzes are worth anything like the \$37.25 million appraisal figure, Maibaum makes clear in his lawsuit against Barry that he harbors no such doubts about the authenticity or the value of what he refers to as "master works of art."

The trial, scheduled to begin in Manhattan on January 2, will be held before Judge Jed Rakoff, who has become famous for his outspoken questioning of the behavior of Wall Street banks in the years leading up to the 2008 financial crisis. ■

William D. Cohan, a contributing editor at Vanity Fair and at ARTnews, is the author of the forthcoming The Price of Silence: The Duke Lacrosse Scandal, Wall Street, and the Power of the Elite.



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News Briefs

TRANSITIONS

■ **Glenn Adamson** has been appointed director of the **Museum of Arts and Design** in New York. He most recently led the research department at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London and replaces Holly Hotchner.



Glenn Adamson.

■ **Allegra Pesenti** has been named chief curator of the new **Menil Drawing Institute** at the Menil Collection in Houston. She was most recently curator of the Grunwald Center for the Graphic Arts at the Hammer Museum in Los Angeles.

■ **Diana Craig Patch** is the new curator in charge of the Department of Egyptian Art at the **Metropolitan Museum of Art** in New York. The museum also appointed

Ronda Kasl as curator of colonial Latin American art in the American Wing and **Joanne Pillsbury** a curator in the Department of the Arts of Africa, Oceania, and the Americas.

OBITUARIES

■ **Stephen Antonakos, artist, 86.**

Born in Laconia, Greece, in 1926, Antonakos was known for his vibrant

neon sculptures. After attending college in Brooklyn, he began his career as an illustrator for advertising agencies. Then, in the 1960s, the artist started working with neon and had his first solo show in 1964.

His works are in the permanent collections of the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Brooklyn Museum, among others. Antonakos received many honors throughout his career, including a lifetime achievement award from the National Academy Museum in New York.



Stephen Antonakos.

■ **Jack Beal, artist, 82.**

Born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1931, Beal was recognized for his public murals, paintings of nudes, and still lifes. After attending the College of

William and Mary, Norfolk Division, and the Art Institute of Chicago, Beal moved to New York City. There, he became part of the New Realism movement.

Beal's well-known projects include "The History of Labor in America" murals at the Department of Labor headquarters in Washington, D.C., and two tile mosaics in the Times Square-42nd Street subway station in Manhattan.

—**Stephanie Strasnick**



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Maurice Prendergast (American, 1858-1924), *Springtime*, circa 1907-10, oil on board, 12 x 17.5 inches



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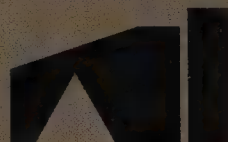
Dorothy Hood, American (1918-2000), *Untitled # 7, 1980-1989, Oil on Canvas, 96" x 120"*, Permanent Collection of the Art Museum of South Texas.

Dorothy Hood (1918-2000) THE COLOR OF BEING/EL COLOR DEL SER

The Art Museum of South Texas announces an upcoming monograph and retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Dorothy Hood (1918-2000).

The Museum seeks information about any paintings, drawings and/or collages by Dorothy Hood that are owned by collectors, museums, galleries or other institutions. We honor confidentiality and requests for anonymity.

Information, including photographs and documentation, should be sent to AMST guest curator and author Susie Kall at susiekall@sbccglobal.net



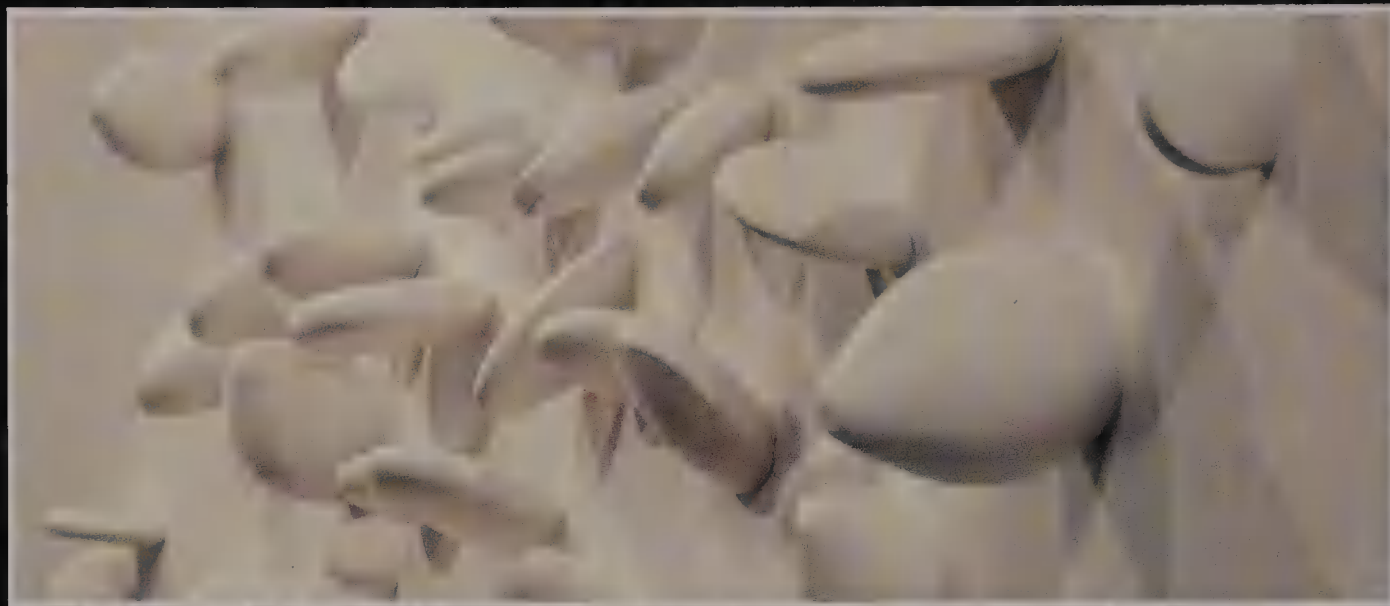
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A Party That Never Ends

Renoir captured the languor of summertime in his famous painting of a gathering on the bank of the Seine

BY MERYLE SECREST



The elegantly dressed figures in Watteau's *Fêtes Venitiennes*, ca. 1718–9, are the predecessors of Renoir's revelers.

Speaking of Watteau, Kenneth Clark once wrote, “Pure pleasure! The notion that a work of art should evoke such a response seems to us slightly improper and very old-fashioned.” He was writing in 1960. Since that time, critical assessments of paintings that elicit a sense of “pure pleasure” have become considerably more acid. Blake Gopnik recently described Renoir’s *Luncheon of the Boating Party* (1881), the Phillips Collection’s best-known and most popular work, as “coy and stagy, almost saccharine.”

Renoir would no doubt have been astonished. His motive in creating art was certainly pleasure, as it had been since he was apprenticed at the age of 13 to a porcelain painter. By the time he entered the *École des Beaux-Arts* in 1862, aged 21, he was a skilled artist, and along with his fellow students, who included Monet and Sisley, he was launched on the celebration of color and light that would become known as Impressionism.

Renoir’s name has become synonymous with the movement, somewhat obscuring the fact that he was equally at home in another century. While painting china, he had learned to decorate plates and vases in the style customers wanted: portraits of Marie Antoinette and scenes from the *fêtes galantes* of Boucher and Watteau. He once told René Gimpel, dealer and assiduous diarist, “I am of the 18th century. I humbly consider not only that my art descends from Watteau, Fragonard, Hubert Robert, but even that I am one of them.”

Viewing it from this perspective, one begins to see how *Luncheon of the Boating Party*, seemingly so far removed from such works as Watteau’s *Fêtes Venitiennes* (ca. 1718–9), is its plausible successor. Watteau’s elegantly dressed figures in their pastoral setting are the predecessors of Renoir’s revelers, who have come to the end of a meal but linger on, lounging, gossiping, and flirting.

In both cases, nature plays a role. Watteau’s figures are posed before a background of trees and decorative stonework. Renoir gives us a frieze of foliage, with views of boats and water behind it. Speaking of the Watteau painting, Hugh Honour wrote that its air of informality was deceptive. Indeed, “fantasy and reality and the interplay between them are the painting’s theme. . . . The exquisite world he created . . . is largely a fantasy, but none the less poetically ‘true.’” Renoir’s painting is certainly true to his life and time—but it, too, is caught up in a moment that, for all its reality, is far from prosaic.

Did such a party ever take place? We do not know. We do know that the locale is real: it was one of Renoir’s favorite restaurants, the *Maison Fournaise*, on the bank of the Seine near Chatou; he has set the scene on a balcony of an upper floor overlooking the river. The handsome people, striking seemingly artless poses that are as



In *Luncheon of the Boating Party*, 1881, Renoir painted a group of friends enjoying an idyllic summer afternoon. The people and the locale were real, but we don't know if such a party ever took place.

purpose, seated directly opposite the painting. They fell in love with it at once and bought it soon after for \$125,000. Some time later they were approached by another prominent dealer, Joseph Duveen, who wanted to give the painting to the National Gallery in London. Duveen signed a blank check and presented it to Phillips, asking him to fill in the sum, but Phillips refused.

One can see why he refused, because Renoir has painted a masterpiece. One is transfixed by this group of attractive people and one's eye delights in every detail: the clutter on the table, the crumpled napkin, the piles of grapes and dregs of wine, all imbued with the languor of a summer afternoon.

The light is muted, yet one sees reflected light everywhere, picking up the sheen on a man's forearm, the silverish glint of bottles, the sunlight warming a girl's back, the white flash of collars and cuffs, the bright dot on the bridge of a nose, and the golden glow on a rounded cheek. There are soft, feathery touches: a hint of mauve and green in the shadows, a violet haze in the foliage and, most of all, the dappling, shifting light and shade that suffuses so much of Renoir's best work. The spatial compression of the composition also adds to a feeling of closeness and camaraderie.

The artist has imagined one of life's simple pleasures that is all the more precious for being so fleeting—one that, were we lucky enough to experience it, we would never want to end. ■

Meryle Secrest's biography of Elsa Schiaparelli will be published next year.

carefully contrived as any imagined by Watteau, are also real, and they are all Renoir's friends.

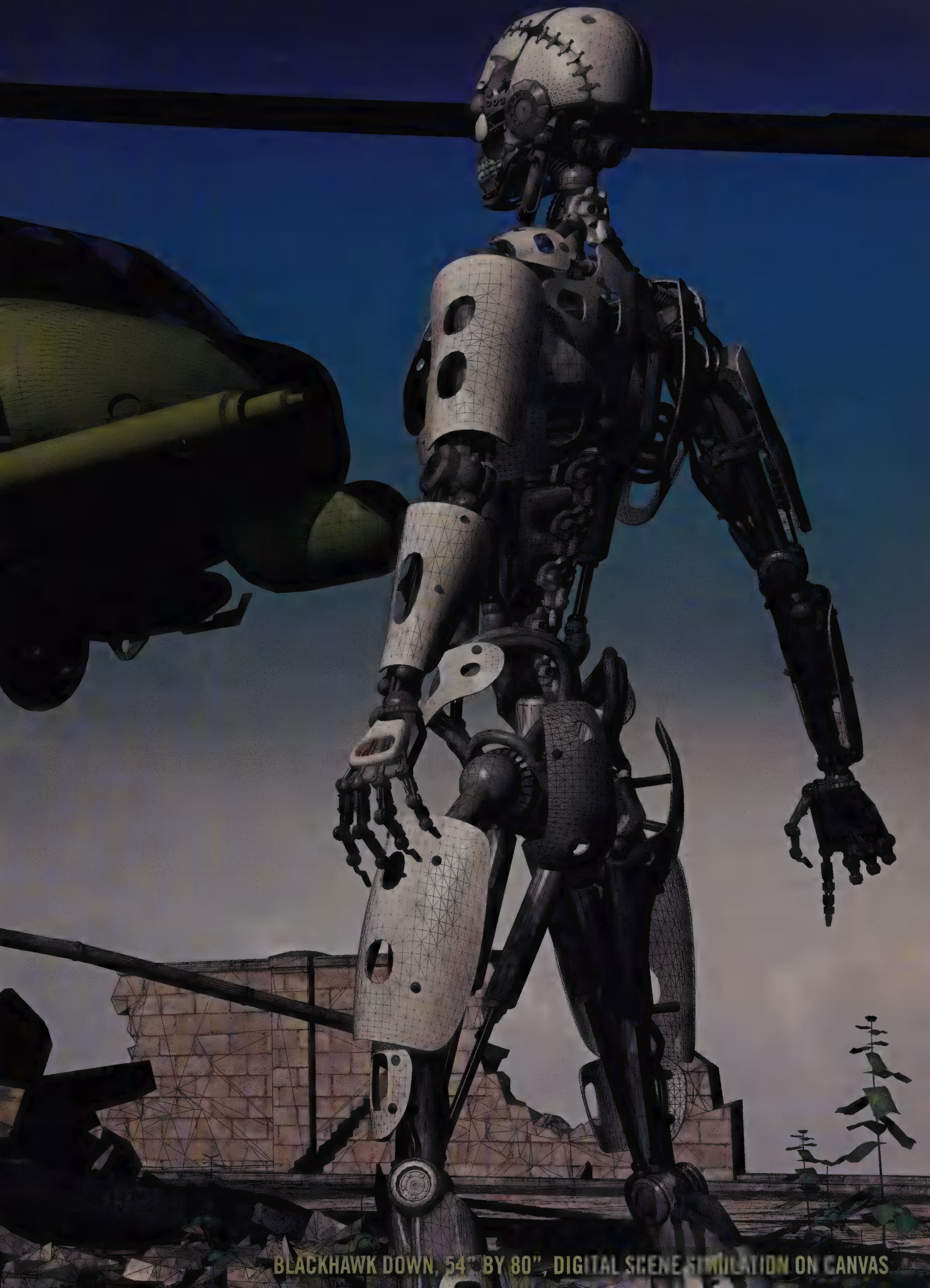
Standing in the background, wearing a top hat, is Charles Ephrussi, art historian and editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* (and collector of the netsukes that are the subject of Edmund de Waal's bestseller *The Hare with Amber Eyes*). Here too, leaning against the rail, is Alphonsine Fournaise, the restaurant owner's daughter, in a yellow straw hat edged in blue, her chin in her hand, and her burly brother Alphonse, wearing a sleeveless boat-shirt that shows off a massively muscled arm.

Here's the Italian journalist Maggiolo, in a light coat, leaning over the actress Angèle. At a table in the back is another actress friend, Ellen Andrée, lifting a glass, and a third, Jeanne Samary, at the extreme right, raises her gloved hands to her head. Gustave Caillebotte, painter, patron, and avid boatman, has pride of place at the table, and opposite him, seen in profile, is another pretty girl, her upper lip as charmingly curled as any imagined by Watteau. She wears a lavishly decorated hat that Renoir probably designed himself (he loved decorating hats), and she is dandling a small dog seated on the table as if it were an infant. She is Aline Charigot, a seamstress Renoir had recently met and would later marry.

The American collector Duncan Phillips and his wife, Marjorie, first saw *Luncheon of the Boating Party* during a trip to Paris in 1923. Marjorie Phillips later recalled that the couple were invited to lunch at the home of the prominent art dealer Joseph Durand-Ruel, and were, probably on

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Paging Doctor Barnes

The House of Barnes: The Man, the Collection, the Controversy

By Neil L. Rudenstine

American Philosophical Society, 229 pages, \$45

BY EDITH NEWHALL

One might expect an educator of Neil L. Rudenstine's stature—he is a former president of Harvard University—to spin a convincing story. But with his new book, *The House of Barnes*, Rudenstine does more: he is the first writer to offer an objective, thoroughly researched perspective on the life, times, and legacy of the legendary collector Dr. Albert C. Barnes. Rudenstine is a trustee of the Barnes Foundation, which he announces in his first chapter—a conflict of interest, one would think—and the reader expects to uncover a bias, but it doesn't show itself.

Barnes's story is well known, but it never ceases to fascinate, and Rudenstine reports it undramatically, which is the best approach. The son of a butcher turned postman who grew up in Philadelphia's rougher sections, Barnes excelled in school; graduated from the University of Pennsylvania's medical school with an M.D. at the age of 20; and, with a partner, developed, manufactured, and marketed the drug Argyrol, a silver compound, which made him a fortune. He married Laura Leighton Leggett, whose well-off family could trace its roots to 17th-century British settlers, and the couple eventually built a house in Merion, Pennsylvania. Soon after, Barnes began

buying the paintings—by Renoir, Soutine, Derain, Modigliani, and others—that would make up his extraordinary collection.

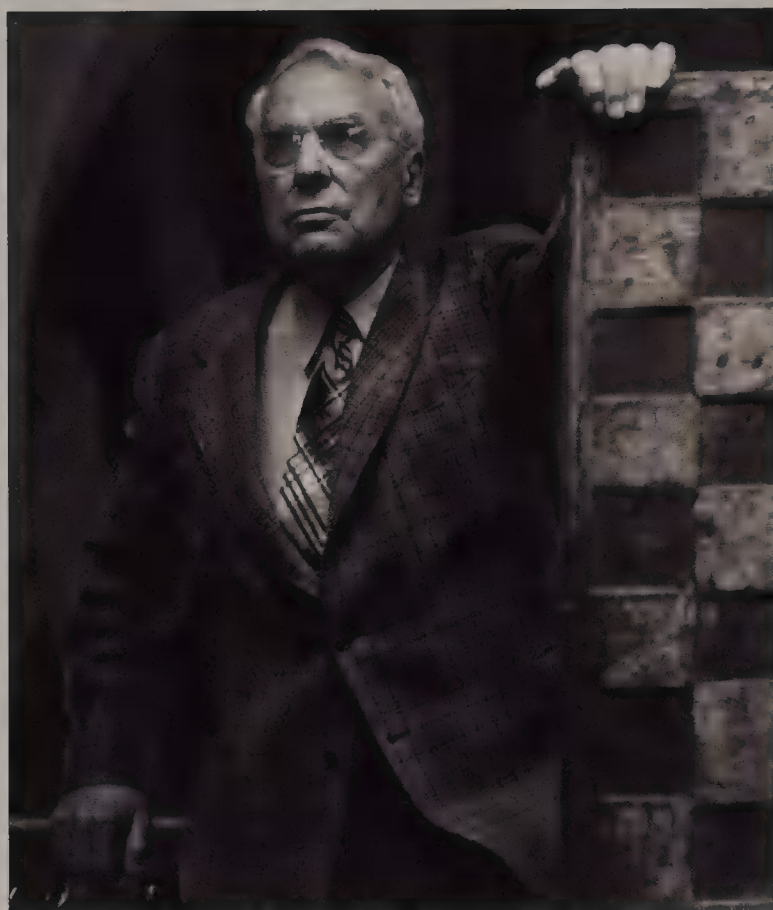
Rudenstine offers many examples of Barnes's dominating and pugnacious spirit. But he also makes it clear, with quotes from Barnes's letters, that the collector knew his own personality and recognized his shortcomings. Barnes emerges

from Rudenstine's study as a brilliant street kid who had to be tough from an early age, a man who taught himself everything he knew about art and thought the urge to produce art should be understood psychologically, and a collector who thoroughly identified with his artists and deeply resented conventional assessments of their works.

When Rudenstine gets gossipy—too rare in this book, but he may have anticipated extra scrutiny given his trustee position—we are treated to a dishy letter like the one from Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College, who wrote to Barnes in response to Barnes's attempt to have his teachings adopted into the college's art program: "As far as I'm concerned,

you can stuff your money, your pictures, your iron work, your antiques, and the whole goddamn thing right up the Schuylkill River, Pennsylvania, or the Barnes Foundation chimney."

Rudenstine offers an exhaustive and fair analysis of the foundation's financial woes, but this is the least interesting part of his book. That controversy seems like old news now, as do Rudenstine's observations about it. ■



Dr. Albert C. Barnes with a door made by the Baule peoples of Côte d'Ivoire, ca. 1946.

Edith Newhall is the ARTnews Philadelphia correspondent.

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Why Cézanne Was Misunderstood

Cézanne: A Life

By Alex Danchev

Pantheon Books, 512 pages, \$40

Long enshrined as a founding father of modern art, Paul Cézanne has never attracted the lavish biographical attention accorded to younger stars of 19th-century French painting, like Gauguin and van Gogh, whose careers were marked by so much drama. The bare bones of his life—his difficult relationship with his father, his liaison with Hortense Fiquet (the formidable Madame Cézanne of so many portraits), his long friendship and sudden break with Émile Zola—have come down to us largely unexamined and unadorned.

Cézanne's character has been described as variously uncouth, timid, reclusive, and temperamental. He has been "pathologized, infantilized, melodramatized," as Alex Danchev remarks in this exhaustive, sometimes exhausting, but always compelling new biography. Danchev looks at the facts anew, finding, for example, not so much rancor as regret in the parting between Zola and Cézanne, supposedly over the former's portrayal of a failed artist in his 1886 novel *L'Oeuvre*. He also teases out the strains of tenderness in his marriage to Hortense, who has been largely dismissed as a self-indulgent "dumpling." Though Cézanne emerges as moody and obsessive, there are nonetheless moments of humor, as when he goes to visit Zola, then enjoying the fruits of great fame, and bristles at the "pampered pomposity" and "tastelessness of the trappings."

Where the author is unable to come to conclusions from available sources, he draws on analogs to flesh-out the narrative. For example, if we want to know how Cézanne felt

about his father, perhaps Franz Kafka's letters to his own dad would provide a clue. Or Danchev leaves it to Flaubert to voice Cézanne's sentiments about his critics and Provençal neighbors. The paintings also come to life through the reactions of others, whether in poems by Allen Ginsberg and Derek Walcott, or in letters from Rilke to his wife. It's a risky tactic for a biographer, but somehow Danchev convincingly stitches together a lively portrait of this elusive genius.

—Ann Landi

Pulitzer's Prizes

Classic Modern:

The Art Worlds of Joseph Pulitzer Jr.

By Marjorie B. Cohn

Harvard Art Museums/Yale University Press, 480 pages, \$45

Biographies of art collectors are seldom gripping reads. Instead of dramatizing the often subtle, sometimes rough business of buying and trading within the parameters of the tax code, authors settle for lists of high-end purchases, applauding the bets that paid off and ignoring those that didn't.

Classic Modern is typical of the genre. A copiously researched and fair-minded account of the newspaper heir's collecting and philanthropic activity, it fills an academic need. A pillar of St. Louis society, Pulitzer (1913–93) was instrumental as a point man for modernism in the Midwest. He donated important works to the Saint Louis Art Museum, the Fogg Museum of Harvard University, and his own Pulitzer Foundation for the Arts.

Cohn presents her subject as a charming bon vivant with excellent taste in wives. At Harvard, where he learned about modern art in the famous class taught by Paul Sachs, he hung a Modigliani in his room. In 1936 (with money inherited from his parents), he bought his first six Picassos. Three years later, on his honeymoon with his first wife, Louise Vauclain, he picked up Matisse's *Bathers with a Turtle* (1907–8) at the notorious Galerie Fischer auction of "degenerate" art for \$2,400.

By the '50s, Pulitzer had accumulated enough paintings and sculptures—he installed a pair of Rothkos and one of Monet's *Water Lilies* in his pool house—to consider himself a serious collector. But it was his second wife, Emily Rauh, who led him to support the work of Dan Flavin, Donald Judd, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Serra in the '70s, years before they had become blue-chip investments. The decision to select Tadao Ando as architect for the exquisite Pulitzer Foundation building in St. Louis can also be attributed to Rauh (via a recommendation from Serra).

Cohn, who is an emeritus curator of prints at the Harvard Art Museums, devotes inordinate space to various events on the Cambridge campus, including a chapter on strife in the university's art history department in the '80s. But her footnotes are formidably detailed and she has a light, friendly



Paul Cézanne, *Still Life with Milk Jug and Fruit*, ca. 1900.



In ■ photograph taken ca. 1939, Joseph Pulitzer Jr. poses with Georges Braque's *Still Life*, 1917, tipped on its side, and Pablo Picasso's *Woman in Yellow*, 1907, in the background.

touch. (All of the principals are called by their first names.)

Pulitzer started out with every advantage; unlike many scions, he didn't squander his good fortune. The book's most touching chapters describe his long stewardship of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, a liberal newspaper in a conservative city, which spoke out early against the Vietnam War. Among his causes was a determination to find smart art critics who could write for a general audience. He was no ordinary Joe. —**Richard B. Woodward**

Birds in Space

Eliot Porter:
In the Realm of Nature

By Paul Martineau

Getty Publications, 144 pages, \$39.95

Some of Eliot Porter's loveliest photographs of birds and fragments of the natural landscape make up this handsome sampling of his work, but Porter's work was not always available in print. The photographer was 61 years old when the Sierra Club published *In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World*, his

first hardback collection. But that wasn't the book he had intended to make when, two decades earlier, he quit his job as a medical researcher to devote himself to photography. After a successful show of landscapes at Alfred Stieglitz's gallery in 1938, Porter set out to bring artistry to ornithology, using special blinds and strobes to photograph birds in midair, first in black and white and then in lush color.

The work earned him a solo show at the Museum of Modern Art, but a book deal for his bird project proved elusive, and Porter returned to making less specialized pictures of nature. Those eventually became his celebrated Sierra Club book—a surprise hit. Ten years later, with public interest in his work firmly established, Porter finally published *Birds of North America: A Personal Selection* in 1972.

At a time when color photography was considered vulgar and commercial, Porter's prints were evocative. "Their rich, often jewel-like hues were a surprise to those unfamiliar with the clarity and saturation of the dyes used to make the prints," writes Paul Martineau in his concise and observant essay for this book. Many images depict the way color reflects off of natural surfaces. *Pool in a Brook, Pond Brook, near Whiteface, New Hampshire* includes the deep purple-blue of the water but also a blaze of orange from trees outside the frame. In *Green Reflections in Stream, Moki Canyon Creek, Glen Canyon, Utah*, the color relationship is reversed, with cool acid green and sky blue reflected in water pooled over red earth.

Porter, who would spend as long as two hours composing a single shot, finds a point of perspective where the chaos of nature is distilled into something perfect. His subjects are so subtle as to be invisible to a casual observer. But once Porter shows them to us, we cannot stop looking.

—**Rebecca Robertson**



Eliot Porter, *Winter Wren (Troglodytes troglodytes)*, Great Spruce Head Island, Maine, July 18, 1969.

John Cage's Silent Light

John Cage: Ryoanji

Catalogue Raisonné of
the Visual Artworks Vol. 1

Edited by Corinna Thierolf

Schirmer/Mosel Verlag, 240 pages, \$125

On his initial trip to Japan, in the fall of 1962, John Cage stepped for the first time into a Zen temple, the mysterious source of teachings that had changed his life in the 1950s. Zen, which had manifested itself in Cage's music, would then infuse his venture into visual art.

These three points of intersection—music, art, and Zen—converge in *John Cage: Ryoanji*, the first of a projected three-volume catalogue raisonné of Cage's visual works, prepared by curator Corinna Thierolf of the Pinakothek der Moderne, Munich, in association with Cage's friend and art dealer Margarete Roeder in New York.

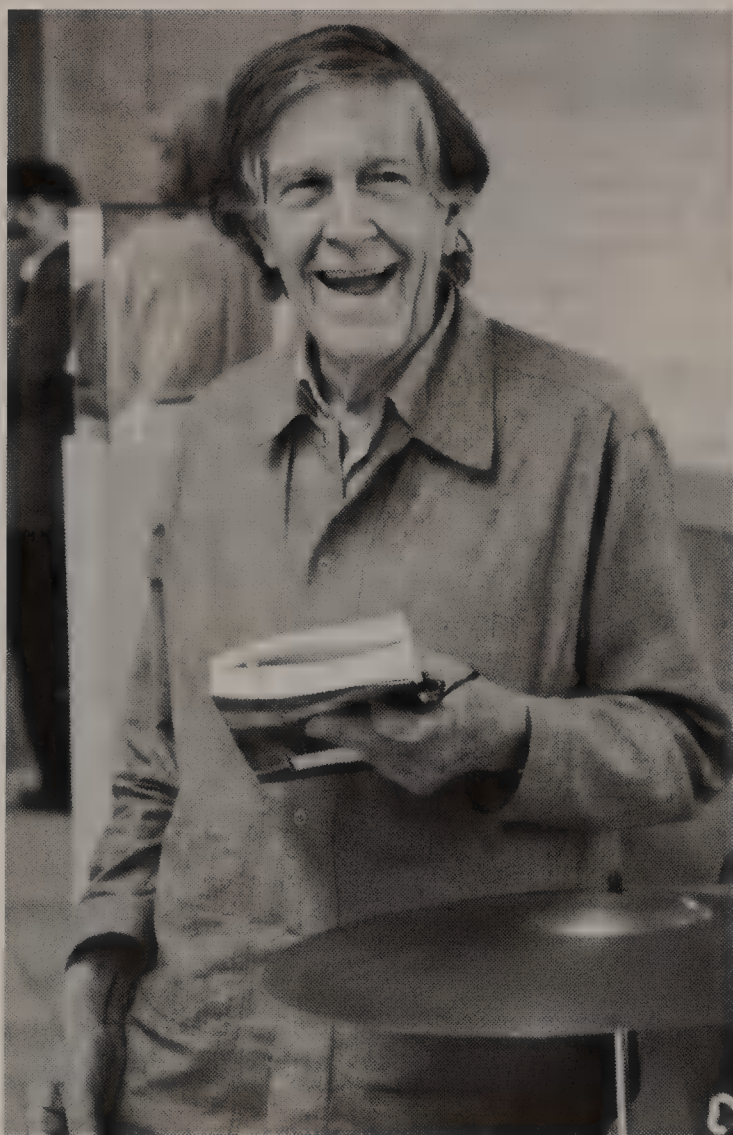
"Where R = Ryoanji," Cage's name for a series of some 170 pencil drawings, is a summation of his love of silence and emptiness as well as the spacious mental focus of meditation. The Zen temple Ryoanji, in northwest Kyoto, has a

famous rock garden, a richly austere field of raked white gravel, on which "float" 15 mossy boulders. Cage fell in love with the emptiness of Ryoanji and its visual silence.

He was delighted when, in 1981, the French publisher Pierre Dimanche, founder of Editions Ryoan-ji in Marseille, proposed a French edition of Cage's *Mushroom Book*. Dimanche asked for a cover drawing, and Cage chose 15 palm-size stones from his own rock collection and then subjected them to precise, detailed, chart-driven placement determined by exhaustive chance operations. With pencils varying in hardness, he drew around each rock. The stones left their imprint as a series of circles: interlocking, overlapping, interpenetrating, and empty at the center. Thierolf accurately compares them to the time-honored tradition of the Japanese *enso*, the black-ink circle also empty at the center—a metaphor for discipline, freedom, and *being and nothingness*.

This method worked so well for Cage—and the metaphor suited him so perfectly—that he also used it in his prints and watercolors, the subjects of the two volumes to come in this catalogue raisonné. "Where R = Ryoanji" is the most silent of the series—fragile and focused, clear-eyed and calm—an homage to white realms of peace and happiness.

—Kay Larson



John Cage at the opening of his show at the Neue Pinakothek in Munich, 1991.

Making Clay Pop

A Troublesome Subject:
The Art of Robert Arneson

By Jonathan Fineberg

University of California Press, 270 pages, \$60

In this illuminating study of the life and work of Robert Arneson (1930–92), Jonathan Fineberg applies psychoanalysis to the California Funk artist's bawdy ceramics—and to society at large. "In the 1970s we began to fit our children for survival in the narcissistic culture of postmodern mass consumerism," Fineberg writes, positing narcissism as the era's defining feature. Arneson's mature self-portrait busts—with their grimacing mouths, protruding tongues, cheeks pierced by knives, and open skulls—jeer at any hope of representing inner truths. Instead, they express a contemptuous exploration of a nonexistent self, making them perfect illustrations of what Fineberg calls narcissism's "lack of stable core."

Arneson spent his childhood compulsively drawing cartoons in Benicia, California, the small town near San Francisco where he was born and lived for most of his life. Once he entered college in 1952, however, he modestly trained to become a high-school art teacher and eventually grew into a skilled studio potter. His ambition increased until he busted into the raucous Pop art scene in 1963 with a nearly life-size stoneware toilet, gleefully exploiting clay's resemblance to excrement.

In 1965, he began the series of busts and heads that occupied him for the rest of his life, working in an illustrative style that enabled him to engage with big ideas while still expressing his earthy sense of humor. His mature work included representations of friends and other artists,

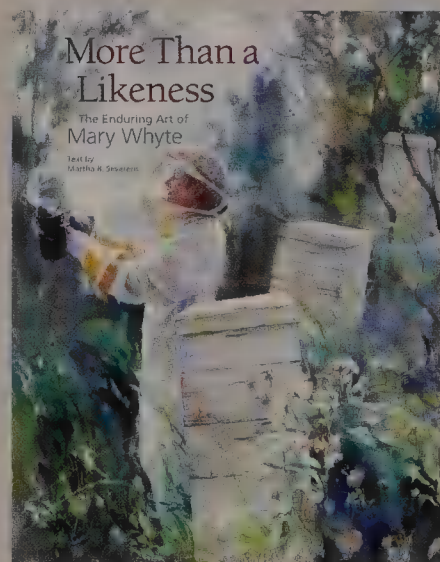
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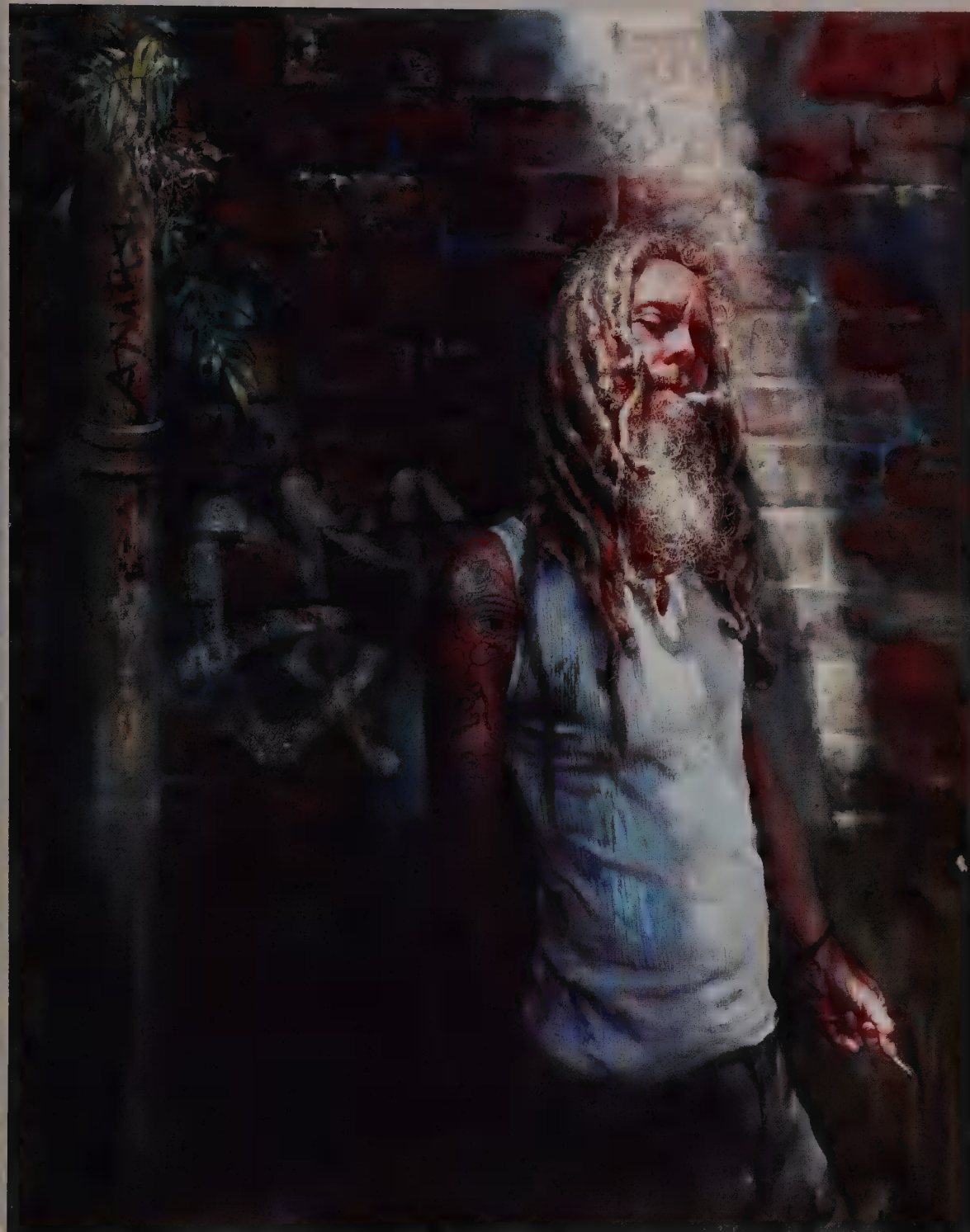
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Robert Arneson, *California Artist*, 1982.

most poignantly a series about Jackson Pollock. Resembling classical sculptures desecrated with toy-store colors, all of the pieces are tasteless. For Arneson, ugliness was a virtue.

Less convincing than the psychoanalytical interpretations are Fineberg's attempts to link Arneson's sculptures to the photographic metamorphoses of Cindy Sherman and the distanced appropriations of Richard Prince and Sherrie Levine. Arneson's stubborn vulgarity is as far from such cool postmodernity as it is from the elegant brutality of sculptures by Bruce Nauman, his most prominent former student.

In spite of once describing his self-portrait process as "the artist at work, making a stranger," Arneson drew continually from his personal reservoir of untamed comedy to create works that are resolutely crude. —**Elisabeth Kley**

Visible Buzz

Vera Lutter

Essays by Françoise Cohen, Douglas Crimp, Steven Jacobs, Gertrud Koch

Hatje Cantz Verlag, 144 pages, \$55

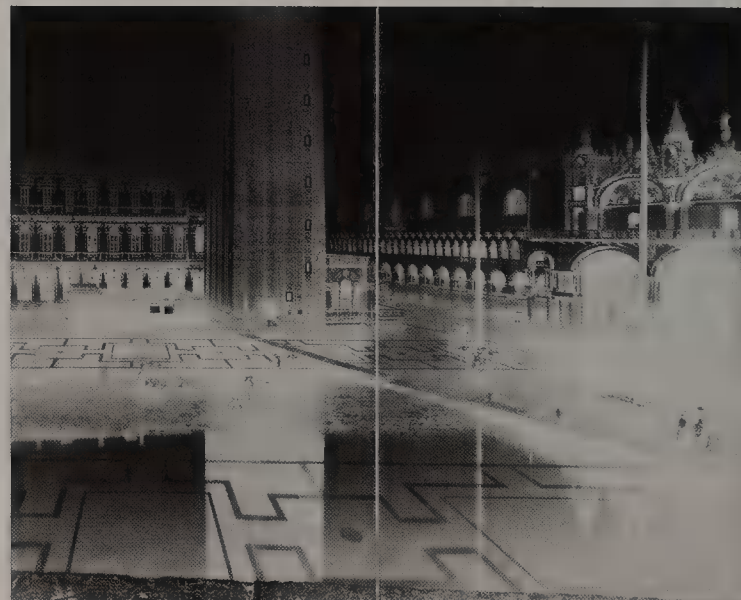
In Vera Lutter's long-exposure photographs, everything that goes on in front of the camera leaves a trace, if sometimes only hazily. *Linger On*, her 2008 image of a docked zeppelin, depicts the airship as a transparent mass—an artifact of both the time it spent parked inside the frame and outside of it. Workers milling around make an impression, but their collective movement on the hangar floor leaves only a visible buzz.

The enormous photo appeared in Lutter's midcareer retrospective at the Carré d'Art in Nîmes, and it is included in this pithy, handsome catalogue. To Françoise Cohen, the show's curator, the piece is emblematic: like much of Lutter's work, it doesn't depict a subject so much as create a structure for representation in which time is compressed, "a simple system for the transfer of the real," Cohen writes.

Lutter is best known for her massive images of cities and industrial sites made on sheets of black-and-white photo paper and exposed in an ad hoc camera obscura, sometimes the size of a whole room or a shipping container. The results are like "X-ray images of the city," writes Steven Jacobs in his insightful essay here. Rather than focusing on process, the texts in the book, scattered among more than 50 plates, consider Lutter's work according to theories of authorship, globalism, temporality, and the history of photography.

For Gertrud Koch, Lutter's pictures are expressions of photography's complex, melancholy relationship with temporality. In the photographer's "long exposures, her extreme stretching of time," Koch sees "the decay that befalls all that exists in time." Whether Lutter's subject is the passing of time or the workings of industry, her images challenge the idea of a single perspective or response.

—**Rebecca Robertson**



Vera Lutter, *San Marco, Venice, XVIII: November 29-30, 2005.*



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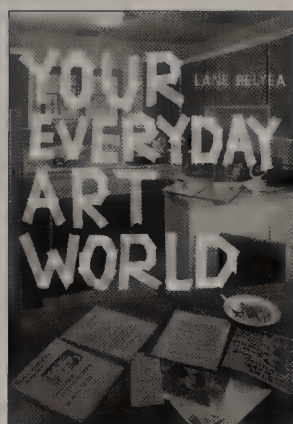
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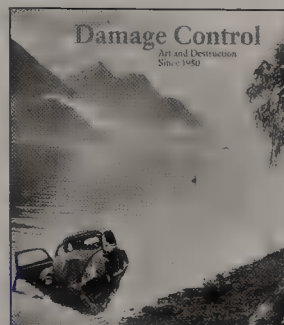
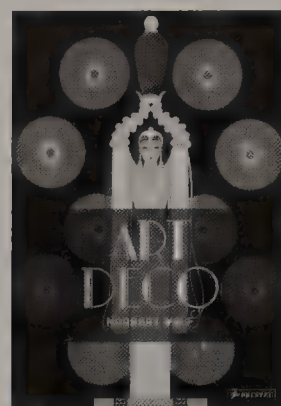
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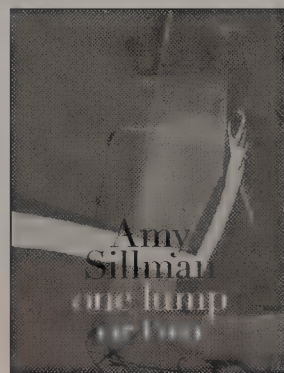
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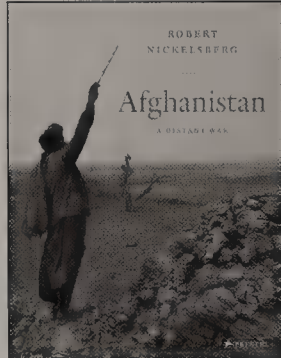
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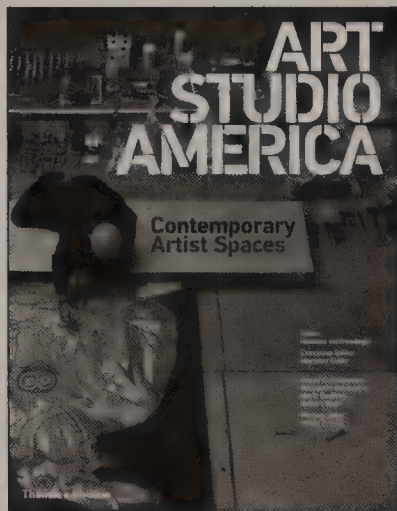
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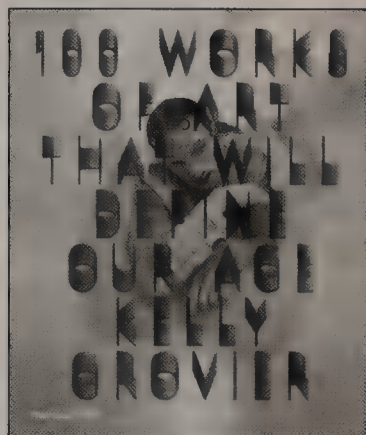
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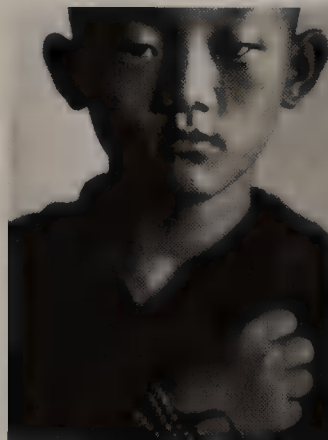


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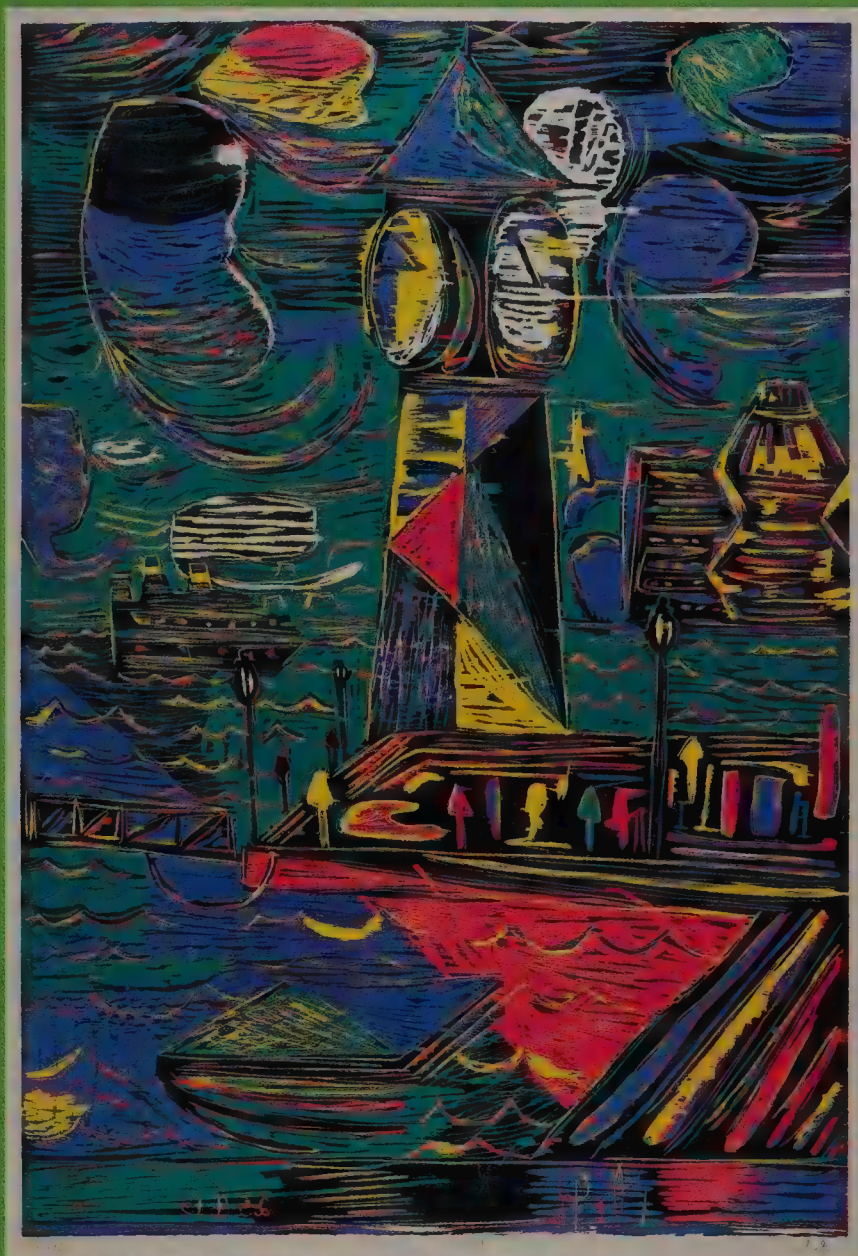
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Sound is being recognized and exhibited as an art form in its own right

BY BARBARA POLLACK



This fall, for the first time in its history, the Metropolitan Museum of Art is presenting a work of contemporary art at the Cloisters. Located in the serene Fuentidueña Chapel, the artwork, on exhibit through December 8, is not a sculpture or a painting, but a sound installation, *The Forty Part Motet* (2001), by Janet Cardiff. The 14-minute work plays continuously a composition by 16th-century Tudor composer Thomas Tallis with individual voices coming from each of 40 loudspeakers. Visitors are encouraged to walk among them and hear the solo performances or step back and listen to the total choral effect.

Inviting museumgoers to use their ears as well as eyes is becoming increasingly common at arts institutions around the country. In August, the Museum of Modern Art opened "Soundings: A Contemporary Score," an exhibition intended to introduce "sound art" to a new generation of viewers and listeners. Throughout November, Performa, New York's biennial of performance art, is presenting several sound-art events, including Florian Hecker's *C.D.-A Script for Synthesis*, which features music emitted from auditory objects and theatrical props, and Tori Wrānes's works in which she struggles to stay in tune as she is being bound or suspended, accompanied by a musical ensemble.

Showing through November 3 at New York's Foley Gallery are Martin Klimas's photos of paint set in motion by vibrations from speakers playing everything from jazz to Bach to Kraftwerk. And at the Bertha and Karl Leubsdorf Art Gallery at Hunter College through November 30 are Conceptual artist William Anastasi's drawings based on sound from 1963 onward.

The Walker Art Center in Minneapolis has in its permanent collection a bell without a clapper by Kris Martin (it tolls no sound) and wind chimes by Pierre Huyghe (after John Cage's *Dream*) on seasonal display in the sculpture garden. And the SculptureCenter in New York, which first exhibited sound art in 1983, will host a shortwave radio broadcast by artist Agnieszka Kurant (see Art Talk, page 36) consisting of pauses taken from famous political speeches November 10 through January 27. And on Governor's Island in New York Bay, the Public Art Fund sponsors a permanent sound installation by Turner Prize-winner Susan Philipsz.

"Today, museums are fully adept at incorporating video and media installations, and by extension, sound art, into their contemporary programming," writes "Soundings"

Barbara Pollack is a contributing editor of ARTnews.



Marina Rosenfeld,
Teenage Lontano,
performed in Perth,
Australia, 2011.

curator Barbara London in the show's catalogue essay. The exhibition brings together works with a strong sonic component that are surprisingly engaging visually, and sometimes incorporate video or sculpture. They may make noise, such as Tristan Perich's *Microtonal Wall* (2011), an installation of 1,500 miniature speakers emitting sound in a wide range of pitches. Or they may be silent, like Carsten Nicolai's *wellenwanne lfo* (2012), a water tank with audio equipment that captures sound-waves made by tones too low to be heard. Bringing together 16 artists in all,

"Soundings," up through November 3, demonstrates that sound can be the key factor in many different kinds of art, including video, installation, sculpture, drawings, and musical scores. "As media and performance have become the default modes for many artists, sound has moved up through the ranks to be recognized and exhibited as an art form in its own right," writes London.

"From a critical and historical point of view, I like to think of sound art fairly broadly as a work of art in which sound is foregrounded," says Christoph Cox, professor of philosophy at Hampshire College and coauthor of *Audio Culture: Readings in Modern Music*. Admitting that "sonic experiments" have been present in modern-art history going back to the Futurists and Dadaists, he traces sound art back to Cage's compositions of the 1950s, especially to one work titled 4'33", in which a piano player walks onstage and sits silently for four minutes and 33 seconds, while the audience is left to listen to the sounds in the concert hall, including nervous coughs and restless movements. According to Cox, Cage's ideas about randomness, duration, and process had an impact on artists and movements ranging from Robert Rauschenberg to the Fluxus group to Max Neuhaus, who has been called the grandfather of sound art. Neuhaus is best known for his work *Times Square*, where passersby unexpectedly encounter rich harmonic sounds at the north end of the triangular pedestrian island on Broadway between 45th and 46th Streets in Manhattan. The piece, originally installed between 1977 and 1992, was put on permanent display in 2002 by MTA Arts for Transit and the Dia Art Foundation, which owns it.

"Sound art emerged as the rivalrous sibling to Conceptual art," says Cox, pointing out the continuity between works like Neuhaus's and those of other artists, who create with steam, light, and even text, in an effort to

"dematerialize the art object," in a phrase coined by art critic Lucy Lippard. "Sound artists responded in a different way," Cox says—"they thought the work of art could be about something you can't touch, you can't grasp, but is nonetheless powerfully physical."

"Cage's was a very pure approach to sound. It didn't have to refer to anything, it didn't have to tell a story, it didn't have to reach a crescendo—sound was its own medium," explains Walker Art Center chief curator Darsie Alexander. The Walker's collection reflects the long history

of sound art, chiefly because it holds choreographer Merce Cunningham's archive, which contains key collaborations with Cage. But even among its other holdings, there are sound works that reflect a very different approach to the medium. Kris Martin's *For Whom . . .* (2012) refers to the famous John Donne poem—"never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee"—yet, in this instance, the bell cannot emit sound, even as it swings on the hour. Instead, viewers can almost imagine its ringing, accompanied by nearby basilicas tolling the hour in the distance. "Cage really saw sound and experienced and advanced sound in its simplest form," says Alexander. "Nowadays, sound has become an immersive experience, and many artists have returned to the emotional power of sound."

Certainly, many sound works in recent years had to make what is essentially invisible into an intimate and moving experience.

"My work takes place in the transactional space between sound's disbursement and its reception," says New York artist Marina Rosenfeld, whose *Teenage Lontano* took over the Park Avenue Armory in 2008. Inspired by experimental composer György Ligeti's 1967 classic work "Lontano," Rosenfeld recorded 17 different parts and had her choir—local teenagers—sing each one as they listened to their individual parts on MP3 players, while a bank of speakers overhead played the score. "The piece is happening in the air in between," Rosenfeld explains. Currently, she is working on a new composition for the Borealis Festival in Bergen, Norway, in which she will disperse members of a Norwegian naval marching band throughout an unconventional site—she hasn't decided where yet, but it won't be a concert hall. So, for once, she points out, they will not play in formation and will be heard from different directions, and will not necessarily be synchronized. "I don't think of sound as a pure vehicle of experience, because even the experience of its



Pierre Huyghe's *Wind Chime (after "Dream")*, 1997/2009, on view at the Walker Art Center, consists of 47 chimes.



Installation view of Tristan Perich's *Microtonal Wall*, 2011, at the Museum of Modern Art.

reception is touched by so many complexities—including the nature of the listener and the context of the room."

"I like to emphasize a sense of solitude in a public space," says 2010 Turner Prize-winner Susan Philipsz, who often works with her own untrained, quite musical voice distinguished by its Scottish accent. Originally a sculptor, Philipsz turned to sound art in graduate school as a way to explore a medium that claims space even as it remains invisible. For her permanent installation on Governor's Island, she reclaimed the melody of "Taps," referring to the island's original function as a military base. She recorded each note of the bugle separately, and then played the notes back sequentially, but not necessarily seamlessly, over a range of speakers situated in different places on the island. Each day, the recordings of the bugle sound off every five minutes between 6 P.M. and 7 P.M., warning people to catch the last ferry. Philipsz originally came to Governor's Island in 2009 to do a project with Creative Time, and almost missed the ferry herself. "I thought, What would it be like to be stuck on the island among the old buildings after you miss the last boat there? It wasn't very appealing," she recalls. Although her being awarded the Turner Prize signaled a turning point in the field of sound art, she says, "I still don't really consider myself a sound artist because I come from a visual-arts background and I've still only showed my work in a visual-arts context, like museums, galleries and biennials." When asked why, with a voice like hers, she didn't become a musician, she replies, "I don't even read music."



Kris Martin's *For Whom . . .*, 2012, a bell without a clapper, at the Walker Art Center, tolls no sound.

"When sound artists think about and work with sound, they are using it in a way that is similar to how a sculptor uses materials," says Mary Ceruti, director and chief curator of the SculptureCenter in Long Island City, Queens. "Musicians think about sound more linearly and sound artists think more spatially." In fact, she says, the term "sound art" can be traced back to a 1983 exhibition, "Sound/Art," organized by William Hellerman at the SculptureCenter. "We can't find a reference to the term, before then"—it was often referred to as "experimental music" at that time, Ceruti points out. Since then, the SculptureCenter has often worked with sound art, viewing it as an extension of Minimalist art, rather than as a separate medium. Still, there are challenges in exhibiting sonic works in a gallery setting. "The sound has to be experienced spatially, and you have to think about it in relation to the other works differently," according to Ceruti. "Usually, when you do your layout for a show, we think in terms of sight lines and square footage and how works are going to relate to each other visually. We don't always think about sound spatially, but it does impact all the works in the gallery."

Kurant's work, *103.1 MHz* (title variable), 2012, composed of pauses in 20th-century speeches, ranging from those by Winston Churchill to Martin Luther King Jr., is not really silent, since each recording reflects the shape of the environment in which the speech was made—whether it was in a room or outdoors—and the conditions of the recording devices, which give off a sequence of very specific hums. "Sound, or the seeming lack of sound, just adds this whole other layer in thinking about installing a show in order to allow each work to be experienced in a way that you want it to be, or in a way that is interesting," Ceruti says.

Working in sculpture, video, and drawing to investigate how words give way to meaning, the Israeli-born artist Uri Aran says he had to take the site into consideration when he created *Untitled (Good & Bad)*, 2013, for the High Line, the elevated park in Chelsea. In this project, a sonorous voice emanated from the flowerbeds along the walkway, reading off a list of animals categorized as "good" or "bad," according to idioms concerning their character traits, such as "busy as a bee" or "sly as a fox." Aran notes that, "for the High Line, it made a lot of sense for me to work with a medium, like sound, that would work with the time-based conditions there." He says, "I think there is something nice about the visual clarity of it—its transparency. I don't think

of it as an invisible piece," he adds. "I think the location was more than half of the piece—always changing and dynamic." As for the audience response to the work, Aran says, "I am so excited about the fact that it is an almost interactive piece. Mentally, you see people identifying with the animals, the good and the bad. And physically, people look for where this voice comes from, and in that sense they interact with the specificity of that spot."



Agnieszka Kurant, *103.1* (title variable), 2013 (left), and *Endless Second*, 2009. *103.1* consists of the pauses in 20th-century speeches.

Stephen Vitiello's *A Bell for Every Minute* originated on the High Line as a Creative Time and New York City Department of Parks & Recreation project in 2010, but it is situated in the Museum of Modern Art's sculpture garden during the run of "Soundings." Visitors to the museum can hear the ring of a different bell every minute—from the starting bell of the New York Stock Exchange to the Japanese Peace Bell at the United Nations—culminating in a crescendo on the hour. Accompanied by a map that locates each bell, *A Bell for Every Minute* provides a charming and accessible aural tour of New York City.

"The first thing I think about is the site; I go to the site and see what resonates, what I feel immediately," explains Vitiello, who started his career in the 1970s playing in art bands, then moved on to score video works by such artists as Nam June Paik and Tony Oursler, and later, in the '90s, creating his own installations. When he considers a site, he takes into account not only the shape of the

place and its acoustics, as a musician might, but also the context of the place and the audiences' expectations. "Sometimes I want to play to that expectation, sometimes I want to challenge that expectation," he says. "With *Bell*, I was trying to think of a sound that would cut through the city noise, cut through the architecture, and claim audible space."

Having followed the trajectory of sound art over the past four decades, Vitiello is delighted to see institutions like MoMA responding to the medium, but he also has reservations. "There is always this challenge where to put sound works. People always offer you the spaces that no one is going to use—like elevators and bathrooms and hallways—and I say, no thank you." He adds, "I guess maybe this moment will give us more opportunities, but I hope it will give us more than just sound-art shows alone. I'd prefer that, if someone was creating a show on architecture, they might think of me, rather than mount just another show in which ten people are making sound." ■



Stephen Vitiello's *A Bell For Every Minute*, installed in "Soundings: A Contemporary Score" in MoMA's garden.



Uri Aran, *Untitled (Good & Bad)*, 2012, created for the High Line, featured a voice actor reading a list of creatures, describing them as good or bad.

Finding HUMANITY Where It's Hidden

Photographer Zoe Strauss
creates a visual poetry
from heroic images of the
struggles of everyday life

BY REBECCA ROBERTSON

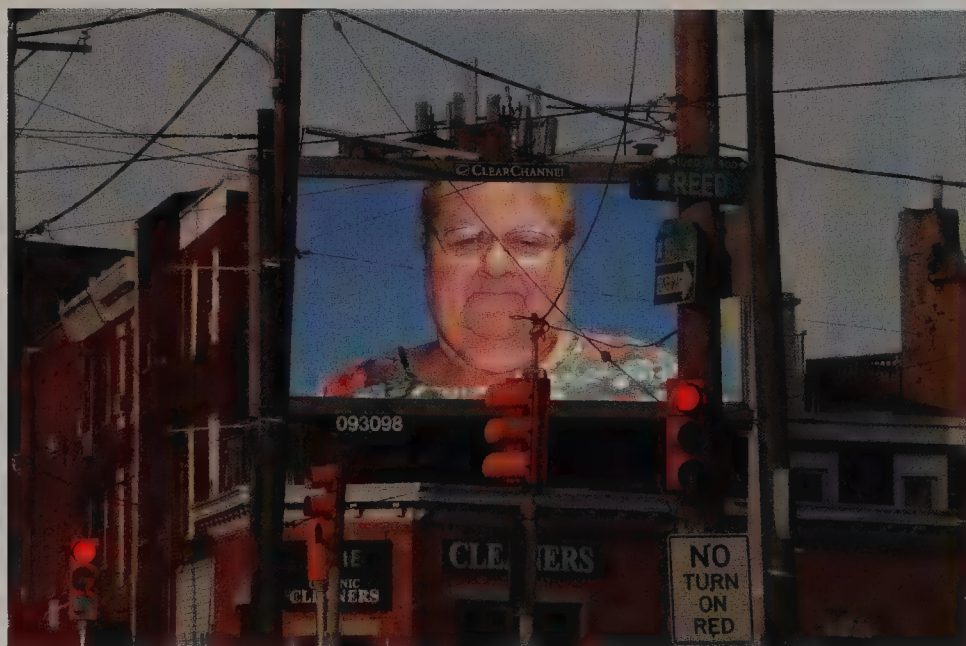


Zoe Strauss: "I have a genuine
interest in other people's lives."

Strauss's 2001 photograph
Antoinette Conti, Philadelphia,
which hovered over the corner
of 10th and Reed Streets in
South Philadelphia, is part of
"Billboard Project," from 2012.

He was spectacular, the kind of kid you'd see from a mile away," says Zoe Strauss, pointing to a photo of a bare-chested boy, one of many pinned to the wall of her South Philadelphia studio. In the photo, the boy's eyes are half closed in a beatific smile, and he is embraced by a long-haired adult, in a sort of strange but tender restaging of the Virgin and Child. Strauss first saw the boy from her car while out taking pictures. She introduced herself and eventually met his family, who invited her in. An artist who uses photography and installation to reach a wide audience, Strauss often finds her subjects by driving or walking around and knocking on strangers' doors. "I'm always thinking, 'This just makes sense right in this moment,'" says Strauss. "Which of course it never makes sense in any moment to do that. But it just works. I have a genuine interest in other people's lives."

That curiosity runs throughout Strauss's art, which has ranged from unsanctioned public sculpture and murals to her ten-year photographic installation project, *I-95*. She seeks humanity in situations where it is sometimes hidden, in the lives of the poor and working class. "Her work is about the everyday heroics of navigating the world as it's given to us, whoever we may be," says Peter Barberie, curator of photography at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which showed her photographs and put them on billboards around the city last year in a solo show, "Zoe Strauss: Ten Years." The show is on view at the International Center of Photography in New York through January 19. The mostly self-taught artist's photos depend on the strong, if brief, connections she makes with her subjects and on her ability to build these into larger patterns. Seen together, her images make up an American portrait—what she calls an "epic narrative about the beauty and struggle of everyday life"—and they have lately



earned Strauss considerable attention.

Sitting in the orange-carpeted living room of the row house that serves as her studio, Strauss speaks passionately about her work, pausing to shout encouragement from the window to neighbors playing half-ball in the street with a sawed-off tennis ball. ("They haven't got a hit all morning," she explains.) Her ability to connect with all kinds of people is palpable in her portraits, and she takes her subjects' trust seriously. "If I'm taking digital photos, if it's a portrait, I always show them," says Strauss. If the person doesn't like the image, she erases it. "Even if it's difficult, I know they've seen it." And some photos are hard to look at—a man freshly shot in the leg, a woman who has been badly beaten. "Using someone's personal image as a metaphor for other things, I try to pay attention that these are real people," says Strauss. "I'm not interested in a representation of someone in which they are grotesque, and they don't know they're being presented like that."

Her portraits depict a panoply of struggling characters, and her landscapes are often bleak, but her images also find joy in dark places—a girl leaps between beds in her messy room, her arms spread like wings; a woman in jeans kicks into a handstand on a dirty sidewalk—and that delight seems to begin with Strauss herself. Impish, earthy, and instantly disarming, Strauss bears a slight resemblance to a brown-haired Dennis the Menace. "Meeting her one-on-one usually leads people to like her and open up to her," says Barberie. "I've seen it here at the museum; I've seen it out on the street. I don't fully understand why people do, but many, many people do."



TOP
South Philly
(Mattress Flip
Front), 2001.

ABOVE
Sage Jumping,
2008.

For her ambitious *I-95* project, Strauss organized an annual outdoor show, posting cheaply printed photos on the cement columns under a section of Interstate 95, the freeway that runs through Philadelphia on its route along the East Coast. The space is mostly unused—there are parking lots and a skate park and bare dirt—but one day each year from 2001 to 2010, for a few hours, Strauss transformed an area into an ad hoc art gallery. She hung her images in a grid according to a loose structure

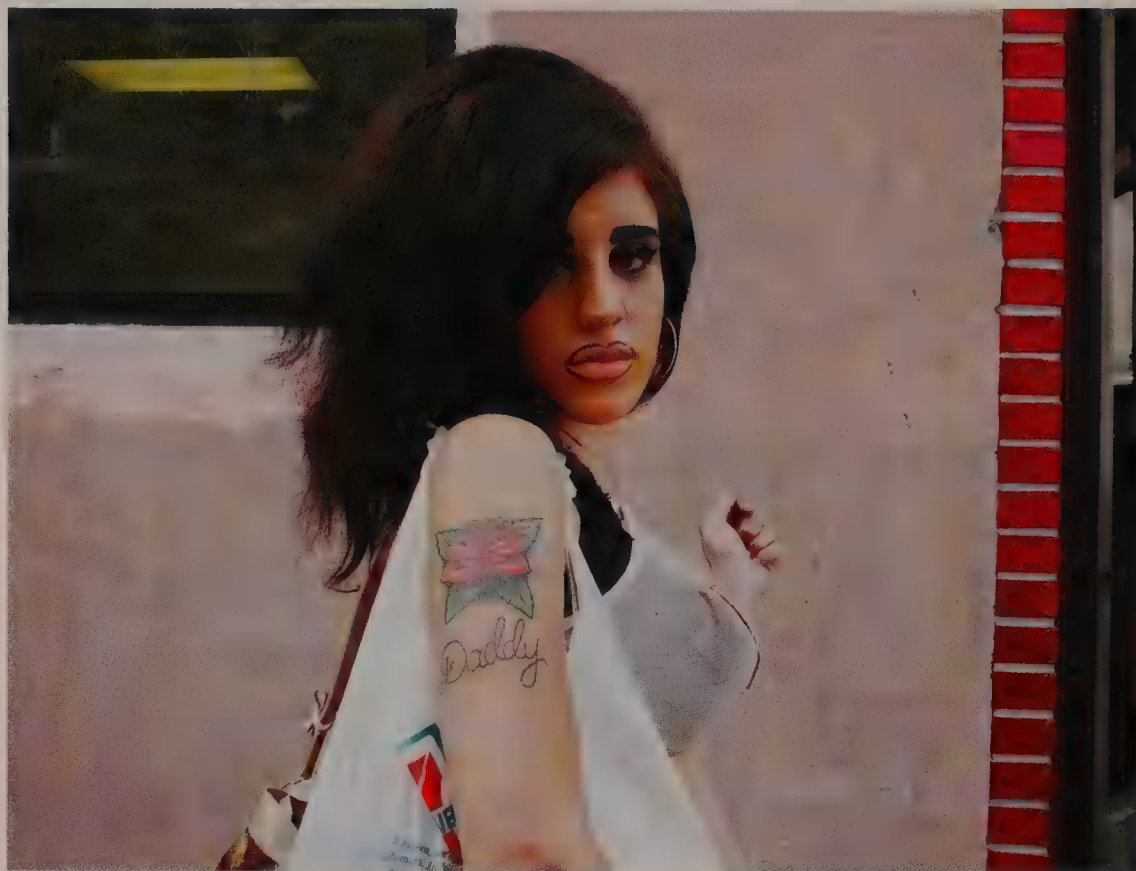
Rebecca Robertson is photo editor of ARTnews.

and invited friends and family to the brief show, which eventually attracted hundreds of visitors.

Every row of columns corresponded to a category Strauss devised, ranging from the fluidity of gender to American identity, but meanings shifted as the selection and order changed and images were added. In the Philadelphia Museum catalogue, a mountain of white road salt picks up new associations when it appears next to a woman

BELOW
Daddy Tattoo,
Philadelphia,
2004.

BOTTOM
Vanessa,
Philadelphia,
2006.



smoking crack—one white rock is transfigured into another. Elsewhere, a man points delicately at his open shirt, where a scar travels down his breast bone, while the opposite page shows swirls of oil on water in southern Louisiana, where Strauss took photographs after the 2010 BP oil spill. The juxtaposition compares personal and geographical damage, and suggests common causes—clogged pipes, explosions, disaster.

Her careful ordering suggests a sort of visual poetry made up of phrases, verses, and rhymes, where gestures reappear and connect images. Sleeves and shirts are pushed back to reveal scars and tattoos; heads are framed close-up against the sky, transformed into icons. "I like to think of setting up a narrative so there's a kind of rhythm and structure," says Strauss. She cites Adrienne Rich, Audre Lorde, and especially Homer's *Odyssey* and Walt Whitman (who lived across the river in Camden where Strauss often shot) as inspirations, and has included their poems on her blog, where, since 2005, she has edited images and written about her life and her art. Like Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, Strauss's photos pile up into a sort of ecstatic, omniscient view of life in America.

In 1995, Strauss founded the Philadelphia Public Art Project, which was, she says, "pretty much just me." Early projects investigated connections within her neighborhood. She installed chalkboards on the side of abandoned houses for residents to write on, and painted a constellation map on the wall of a burned house, where star names were replaced with words for down-and-out types from Woody Guthrie's *Bound for Glory*. Around her 30th birthday, inspired to make photographs to fill the space she had seen under the interstate, Strauss bought a camera. Supporting

herself as a babysitter, she began making photographs and organizing her own shows. In 2006, photos from *I-95* were included in the Whitney Biennial; solo shows followed at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, and at Bruce Silverstein Gallery in New York, which represents her. Her work sells for up to \$3,000 for 20-by-30-inch uneditioned prints. Her work is included in this year's Carnegie International.

Strauss, 43, was born in Philadelphia, where, except for a few years spent in Nevada as a child, she has lived for her whole life. The oldest of four (her brother, Cosmo Baker, is a DJ in New York), Strauss credits her mother with her own enthusiasm for culture and curiosity about other people. ("When she was a kid, a doctor told my mother that she had xenophilia, which is a love of strangers," says Strauss. "Just a descriptive word, not disease.") Her father committed suicide when she was five, and her mother remarried. After graduating from Philadelphia High School for Girls, Strauss took courses in history and women's studies at Temple University, but decided that college didn't agree with her. In 1989 she met her wife, Lynn Bloom. "As I was quitting college I started doing little art projects—drawings, sometimes paintings, all different things," recalls Strauss. "I was going through old photographs, and one of them correlated to a very difficult memory for me. The next day, I woke up with this insane neurological disorder," a persistent spasm of the roof of the mouth called palatal myoclonus. The experience convinced her that images can have powerful, even physical effects, and she credits it—along with a yearning to make art—with making her an artist. "The other part is,



TOP
Melissa's
Handstand, 2004

ABOVE
New Tattoo Jorge,
Philadelphia, 2005.

like a priest, I was compelled. I had to do it."

Strauss's compulsion seems to stem from a desire to embrace as much of life as possible. As she writes in the catalogue for her Philadelphia Museum show, "When the installation was up for those three hours, everything mattered to me. Weather mattered. The history of the American interstate-highway system mattered. The history of photography mattered. Critical-thinking skills mattered. Vision theory mattered. Politics mattered. Poetic form mattered. And relationships mattered." ■

Fakers, Fakes, & Fake Fakers

Well-known forgers reveal
the creative methods they
use to copy the masters

BY MILTON ESTEROW

Many years ago, I interviewed a forger named David Stein. He had been arrested for faking hundreds of drawings, gouaches, and watercolors by Matisse, Chagall, Picasso, Cézanne, Degas, Miró, and many others. One day, while he was out on bail, I asked him how an art forger creates works by well-known artists whose styles are so different.

"The first thing you have to do is know intimately the artist you are imitating, not only to know him but also to like him, to love his art," Stein said. "You go into the soul and mind of the artist. It's like a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde thing. You become someone else. When I painted a Matisse, I became Matisse. When I painted a Chagall, I was Chagall. When I painted a Picasso, I was Picasso."

Art forgery has been a hot topic lately since the disclosure that Pei-Shen Qian, a 73-year-old immigrant from China, working out of his home in Queens, reportedly created at least 63 drawings and paintings by Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, Barnett Newman, Franz Kline, and Richard Diebenkorn.

The works were sold or consigned by Glafira Rosales, a dealer of Sands Point, New York, to two Manhattan dealers, Knoedler & Company, which closed in 2011, and Julian Weissman. Over a period of 15 years, the works were sold to collectors for about \$80 million. Knoedler, its former president Ann Freedman, and Weissman have



consistently stated that they were convinced that the works were authentic. Freedman says she showed the paintings to a number of experts, who confirmed the authenticity and quality of the works.

The case against Rosales is known as *United States of America v. Glafira Rosales, a/k/a "Glafira Gonzalez," a/k/a "Glafira Rosales Rojas," defendant*. She pleaded guilty in September to charges of wire fraud, money laundering, and tax evasion. As we went to press, no one else had been charged in the case, but Assistant United States Attorney Jason P. Hernandez indicated that additional arrests were contemplated.

Qian is said to be back in China, where he exhibited his own paintings in May at the Xiang Jiang Gallery in Shanghai. He has also had shows at the BB Gallery in Beijing. Qian came to the United States in the 1980s and studied at the Art Students League in New York. According to the website of the Shanghai gallery, one of his teachers was Richard Pousette-Dart.

Zhang Hongtu, a prominent Chinese artist who lives in Queens, told me, "I couldn't believe he would do this to fool the art market. I met him in 1982 and last saw him about 20 years ago. He was a very nice, honest person. He never painted in the abstract style. He did

Impressionist-type paintings. He liked Bonnard very much.

"One day he went to the Museum of Modern Art with a friend of mine and saw Monet's *Water Lilies*. My friend told me that Qian loved it and knelt down on the floor. I saw some of his paintings from the May show on the gallery's website. They were figurative, with bold colors. In one of them he reinterpreted the Mona Lisa." The gallery's website states that Qian has "over twenty-seven" paintings that "spoof" the Mona Lisa.

David Stein, who served time in prison in

the United States and France and died in 1999, was not known to create spoofs, but he turned out Chagalls in a hurry.

"So many people wanted Chagalls," Stein told me. "I remember one day when I operated a gallery out of my apartment on Park Avenue I had an appointment there at one o'clock to deliver three Chagall watercolors that were not yet painted. I got up at six in the morning. The first thing I did was make some tea. I use Lipton tea; it's the best thing to use when

Eric Hebborn poses with his copy of Jacques-Louis David's portrait of Mme Récamier (opposite). The original is in the Louvre. David Stein shows off his own work, which draws from his experience painting Chagalls and Matisse (below).

Milton Esterow is editor and publisher of ARTnews. Additional reporting by Amanda Lynn Granek.





Elmyr de Hory (right) with Orson Welles, 1972.

Welles directed a free-form documentary about de Hory called *F for Fake*.

you want to age drawing paper. It gives it a yellowish appearance when you dip cotton in the tea and spread it over the paper.

"Then, while the paper was drying, I made the sketches. I decided on circus scenes. I was working mostly from illustrations from books. One by one, I painted them. I was finished by eleven o'clock. When one was finished, I would put it in front of a sun lamp, which dries the material and cracks it slightly. It's like cooking.

"I rushed down to a framing place three blocks away. I told them it was urgent, and they framed the three watercolors while I waited. Everything was ready by noon. Then I ran six blocks to a place on Lexington Avenue to make photographs of the watercolors. I rushed back and made certificates of authentication. I know the writing of Chagall and I wrote: 'I Marc Chagall, certify that this watercolor is an original.' And I signed Chagall's name on the back of the photograph. I was finished a few minutes before the dealer arrived. He was satisfied and gave me a check for \$10,500."

Many forgers agree with Stein about the preparations needed to fake art. Eric Hebborn, a forger who was murdered under mysterious circumstances on a street in Rome in 1996, wrote two books and once urged his readers:

"Imagine for a moment that you have, in fact, drawn in a manner of van Dyck (1599–1641) and inscribed it 'Rembrandt.' This is diabolical. Are there no limits to your skulduggery?"

Why? Well, maybe if the forgery is a good one, some expert will think that he spotted a wrong attribution but uncovered a marvelous but unrecorded van Dyck and announce "What an exciting discovery!"

Hebborn was a rogue whose skulduggery knew no limits. He boasted of having produced more than a thousand forgeries (drawings and paintings) of artists such as Bruegel, Pontormo, Corot, Poussin, and Piranesi, among others. (But his former lover announced in 1994 that Hebborn had not made as many works as he claimed to have made.)

Here's what Hebborn wrote about how to draw like Poussin: "Even Poussin did not learn how to draw like Poussin without years of practice. For just as no one could play the violin in imitation of [a master], unless they had first learned to play it rather well, so it is that no one can draw an imitation of a master draughtsman without being a pretty good draughtsman himself. Long years of practice added to arguably a solid art school background had given me proficiency in the art, and I



De Hory in the style of Matisse: *Odalisque* (above) is an “original” Elmyr de Hory. *Portrait of a Girl* (right) was intended to deceive.

could at least claim to understand the visual language Poussin used. But now I had to learn his dialect, his accent, his pitch, his almost imperceptible inflections and mannerisms, subtleties that he himself may not have been aware of.”

Hebborn was a friend of Anthony Blunt, a Poussin scholar who served as Surveyor of the Queen’s Pictures until 1972, seven years before he was publicly unmasked as a spy for the Soviet Union.

Leo Stevenson, a well-known London copyist, told me that he had met Hebborn. “Some folks are still worried Hebborn drawings are still floating around,” he said.

“I don’t do copies anymore,” Stevenson said. “I am concentrating on my own paintings—mostly landscapes, seascapes, and aviation paintings. I do inventions in the style of everyone from Rembrandt and Hals to Monet. . . . The important thing with forgers is not to understand how artists painted but why they painted the way they did. I always think of it as an actor taking on a role. You have to get into the skin of the person you’re trying to imitate. It’s easier with more recent artists. If you’re going to imitate





**London copyist
Leo Stevenson
with his fake
Pieter de Hooch.**

Rothko, there's lots of information on him, as well as a play and a film. The further back you go, technically and psychologically, it's more difficult. The psychological element is just as important as the technical side in creating a fake. Why? If you don't understand why he painted the way he did, you won't understand how he did it.

"I've done my own inventions of Monet for collectors. I've been to all the places he'd been to in France and Italy. I saw the atmosphere of the places and the light. I spent a lot of time in Giverny where he lived. He did a series of haystacks, I would add paintings in the series. They were not copies. They were extra paintings. I've probably done about 150 'Monets.'"

Stevenson added: "I always try to put a secret in my paintings. They will deliberately fail certain scientific tests. Sometimes I'll put a joke or a saying on the first layer of paint, and if you X-ray the painting you will see it. I did a Venice Canaletto several years ago. If you X-rayed it, you'd see a submarine coming out of the water."

Even the British Foreign & Commonwealth Office has commissioned Stevenson. "The British government owns a lot of art," he said. "Sometimes there might be a polite English fight between one government department and another to have possession of a work. Some years ago, the British Library wanted works in the Foreign Office—British artists of the 18th and 19th century. The Foreign Office fought tooth and nail to hang onto them and at

some point they asked me to do some copies."

Elmyr de Hory was never accused of making copies. He faked Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Derain, and Dufy, and he insisted that David Stein "uttered the worst sort of nonsense" when he claimed that he would go "into the mind and soul of the artist" and became Matisse when he painted Matisse.

"Could you write a story like Hemingway by trying to put yourself into Hemingway's mind and soul? Could you *become* Hemingway? No, it's a terribly vulgar and romantic explanation . . . though I'm sure the public eats it up. What I did was study—very, very carefully—the man's work. That's all there is to it.

"With Matisse, for example, I had to be

particularly careful. At the beginning . . . I used a very easy, flowing line for a Matisse drawing. Because he had, I thought, a very simple line. And then suddenly later on I realized that his hand was not as secure as mine. Obviously, when he stopped work to glance up at his model, his line stopped, too, with just that tiny little bit of uncertainty. Where I went very securely on, Matisse was hesitant, insecure. I had to correct that; I had to learn to hesitate also. Of course, I never have had much respect for Matisse anyway. . . . He was far and away the easiest artist to fake. (I don't like that word 'fake,' but I'll use it. I made paintings in the *style* of a certain artist. I never copied. The only fake thing in my paintings was the



signature.) . . . Modigliani, also, was someone I did with great success—not because he’s easy, but because there was such an affinity between us.”

De Hory made these remarks in a biography by Clifford Irving called *Fake!*. Irving claimed that he had helped Howard Hughes write his autobiography and later admitted that it was a hoax. He went to prison for 17 months.

Two of de Hory’s Modigliani drawings were exhibited many years ago in an exhibition of fakes at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts organized by Samuel Sachs II, then the museum’s chief curator and now president of the Pollock-Krasner Foundation. The drawings had been bought by a Chicago dealer from de Hory as original Modiglianis. One was sold to a Minneapolis collector and the other to a collector in Chicago. When de Hory was exposed as a forger, the dealer offered the collectors their money back. The Chicago man accepted, but the Minneapolis collector said, “That’s nice, but frankly, I bought the drawing because I liked it and it’s too bad it’s not a Modigliani but I’m going to keep it because we still love it.”

The drawings are now worth about \$6,000 each, according to Mark Forgy. “I’m Elmyr’s heir,” Forgy, who lives in New Prague, Minnesota, told me in a telephone interview. “I was his personal assistant for seven years and lived with him on the Spanish island of Ibiza until he died at the age of 70 in 1976.”

**“Quite a technical show-piece,”
Stevenson boasts of
his fake Canaletto.**

De Hory’s real name was Elemér Albert Hoffmann. He was born in Budapest in 1906 and studied art in Budapest, Munich, and Paris. “You might be surprised to know that some of the stories he told me about himself were not actually true,”

Forgy said. “He claimed that he came from an aristocratic background. None of that was true. He said his mother was shot by the Russians when they came to Budapest in 1945. His mother actually lived into the 1960s.”

Forgy said that he owns about 300 de Horys. “Many of the works are in the style of Modigliani and the other artists he imitated,” Forgy said. “The vast majority are in his own post-Impressionist style. All the works are signed “Elmyr” or not signed at all.” After de Hory was exposed as a forger in 1967, he signed his works simply “Elmyr” on the front or the back, Forgy said.

Forgy said he sells de Hory drawings at prices ranging from \$2,500 to \$8,000 and paintings from \$6,000 to \$8,000. He recently self-published a book about de Hory titled *The Forger’s Apprentice*. He and Kevin Bowen wrote a play with the same title that was performed in August at the Minnesota Fringe Festival in Minneapolis.

Are there any fake de Horys?

“I see them all the time on online auctions,” Forgy said. “Most often they have the fake signatures of Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, or Dufy on the front and a fake Elmyr signature on the back. They sell in the \$2,000 to \$3,000 range but they’re fake fakes. I have the real Elmyrs.” ■

Some Like It Haute

An exhibition spotlights the ways Jean Paul Gaultier's cutting-edge fashion has intersected with the contemporary art of his time

BY ALI PECHMAN



Cindy Sherman wearing a Gaultier jumpsuit in *Untitled No. 131*, 1983, originally part of an ad campaign for Dianne B.

In 1983, Dianne Benson had the idea to hire an artist to put together an ad campaign for the avant-garde clothing in her Dianne B. boutique. The store, located in SoHo, was among the first in New York to sell the cutting-edge designs of Jean Paul Gaultier, in a neighborhood teeming with young artists and new galleries. After seeing a solo show at nearby Metro Pictures, Benson had found the right person for the job: the chameleonic, self-photographing Cindy Sherman.

"SoHo was a tiny place then and everyone was friendly and on the same wavelength," Benson says. "I called Cindy, and I said, 'You can come into the store and take anything you want and do anything you want.'"

Sherman posed for the camera in several high-fashion getups, including two Gaultier ensembles, and an iconic image was born. A sunburned, auburn-haired iteration of the artist appears in a silky pink jumpsuit, befitted with the now-famous Gaultier cone bra. But Sherman put her own twist on the concept by poking in the pointy bust, and the quirky ads soon ran in Andy Warhol's *Interview* magazine.

Images like Sherman's play a key role in the Brooklyn Museum exhibition "The Fashion World of Jean Paul Gaultier: From the Sidewalk to the Catwalk," which

Ali Pechman is a writer living in New York City. Her work has appeared in the New York Observer, the Paris Review Daily, and Salon.



Karl Lagerfeld's
photograph *Untitled*
(*Alek Wek*) *Numéro*,
2000, features the
"Dubar" evening
gown by Gaultier.



Andy Warhol, *Jean Paul Gaultier*, 1984.



Herb Ritts, *Jean Paul Gaultier*, 1990.

includes numerous examples of how Gaultier's designs have intersected with the art of his time. The show (on view through February 23) spotlights 130 ready-to-wear and haute-couture looks, as well as films and concert footage featuring Gaultier costumes. But it also has a fascinating selection of work by big-name artists and photographers who have been inspired by Gaultier.

"A lot of that came out of a response to the clothes. I felt forced to use these clothes. I didn't have a choice," Sherman says of her photographs, in an interview in the exhibition catalogue. "I was real interested in what the clothing was bringing out of me and some of it was a retaliation against fashion, as well as humor." Sherman's subsequent work would continue to riff on fashion and magazine layouts: her 1984 show at Metro Pictures expanded on those Dianne B. photos, with a series that was commissioned by French *Vogue* but never published.

"Gaultier's relationships with photographers are very important because he understands it's about image," says Thierry-Maxime Loriot, the curator behind the original presentation of "The Fashion World of Gaultier," at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. (It has since traveled from the Dallas Museum of Art to the Swedish Center for Architecture and Design in Stockholm, with many stops in between.) "The way these images are transferred to the public is through the eyes of photographers."

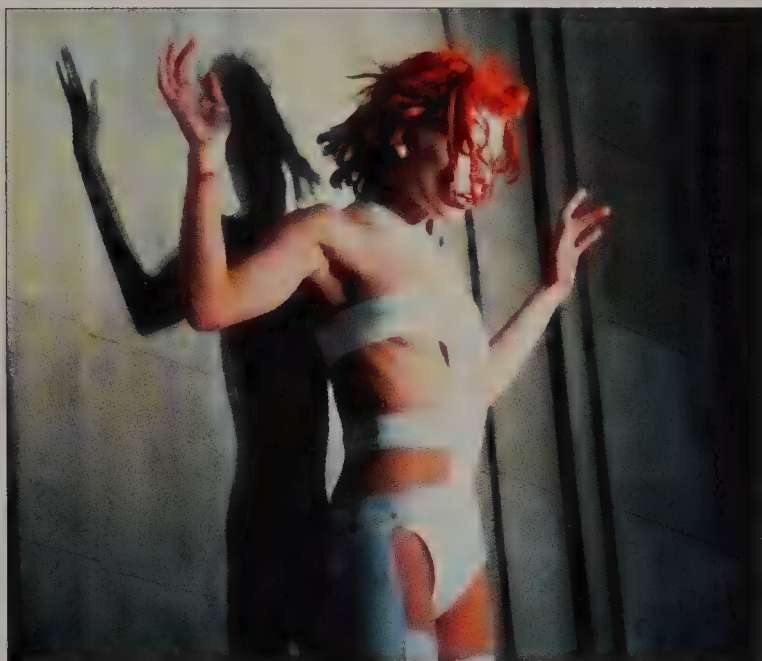
The now 61-year-old French designer first broke onto the fashion scene in the 1970s, with designs that not only challenged traditional formulas but also who might wear the clothing. Gaultier's name today brings to mind fashionable sailors, religious imagery gone rogue, and men in skirts. He was a pioneer of deploying shocking advertisements, blurring the line between the sexes, and hiring models of different ethnicities and sizes.

Many photographs in "The Fashion World of Gaultier" originated as high-fashion editorial spreads. Herb Ritts shot Gaultier with his muse Madonna for the June 1990 cover of French *Glamour* in anticipation of Madonna's Blond Ambition World Tour, for which Gaultier designed the costumes. But the shoot also generated more artistic compositions, such as Ritts's photograph of the back of Gaultier's head, with its close-cropped, bleach-blond hair. That picture now serves as the opener to the exhibition catalogue.

Important editorial work by Richard Avedon also appears in the show. The photographer's portfolio "In Memory of the Late Mr. and Mrs. Comfort: A Fable in 24 Episodes," which ran in the *New Yorker* in 1995, contained two Gaultier designs. The strange series chronicles Mrs. Comfort (model Nadja Auermann) and Mr. Comfort (an eerie skeleton stuffed into various outfits) as they traipse through a postapocalyptic city. In the opening shot, Mrs. Comfort appears in a tangerine Gaultier dress—its corseted proportions exaggerated by pillow-like padding at the hips and around the neckline—and holds a broken doll. She's a lightning bolt of color towering above her corpse of a husband, who wears a dingy striped suit. The clothes themselves tell this atypical love story.



The mannequins in the exhibition have animated faces projected onto them.



Milla Jovovich in Luc Besson's sci-fi film *The Fifth Element*, 1997.



Paolo Roversi, *Tanel Bedrossiantz*, 1992. The model and Gaultier muse has on a dress from the "Barbès" women's collection, 1984–85.

Gaultier had previously refused to participate in any museum exhibition of his work, Lorient says, because he believed himself too young. "I'm not dead yet!" he told the curator, explaining that he finds most fashion exhibitions to be funereal. He said, "I need the clothes to look alive," Lorient recalls. "Clothes are made for movement, and you need to see how people move in them."

The solution was another example of art inspiring fashion and vice versa. Gaultier had seen a theater performance that used advanced technology to project animated faces onto inanimate mannequins. The same set designers who made those high-tech heads worked on the exhibition, recording the moving faces of dozens of models, singers, and actors, which are replayed on blank dummies in Gaultier garments. The show opens with Gaultier's own projected face, surrounded by a choir, greeting museumgoers.

The Brooklyn presentation includes new material

not seen in previous versions, adding ensembles from Gaultier's most recent runway shows and outfits he devised for Beyoncé's stage performances. Brooklyn Museum curator Lisa Small has divided the show into seven sections that trace Gaultier's evolution. The first part, "The Odyssey," introduces his major themes and features his very first design, from 1971, which had never before been exhibited. "The Boudoir" is devoted to his lingerie-inspired work, most notably the cone bra, while "Skin Deep" addresses Gaultier's designs that take cues from the human body. His punk looks are on display in "Punk Cancan," and his interest in cultural identity shows up in "Urban Jungle," with ensembles based on the dress of Hasidic Jews, Peruvians, and the artist Frida Kahlo. "Muses" reveals the individuals who have directly impacted Gaultier's ideas, and "Metropolis" focuses on his collaborations with performers and filmmakers such as Tina Turner, Nirvana, Kylie Minogue, and Luc Besson, whose futuristic movie *The Fifth Element* (1997) memorably featured bright, geometric costumes by Gaultier.

"These are really groundbreaking designs: under- as outerwear, androgyny, the incorporation of elements of street style. Gaultier was there first and continues to be," Small says. "He's a designer who has departed on purpose from a cookie-cutter esthetic, from the way models look to the way fashions are constructed."

Unlike other designers, Gaultier, from the beginning of his career, has had a high profile in pop culture. Even Andy Warhol took notice. In 1984, when commissioned by the Italian magazine *Mondo Uomo* to photograph the hip, young, notorious people of the day, Warhol immediately thought of the club kid Gaultier. The famed Pop artist snapped a group of Polaroids of Gaultier at the trendy nightclub Area, just after the designer had shown a collection at Bryant Park.

"I asked Jean Paul, 'Do you remember this?'" Lorient says of the Warhol shoot. "He said, 'Yes, but I've never seen it. I was too shy to ask for one.'"

But Warhol clearly had his eye on Gaultier. "I think the way people dress today is a form of artistic expression," he told *Mondo Uomo*. "Art lies in the way the whole outfit is put together. Take Jean Paul Gaultier. What he does is really art."



An outfit from the
"French Cancan"
collection, 1991-92.

'Audible Presence'

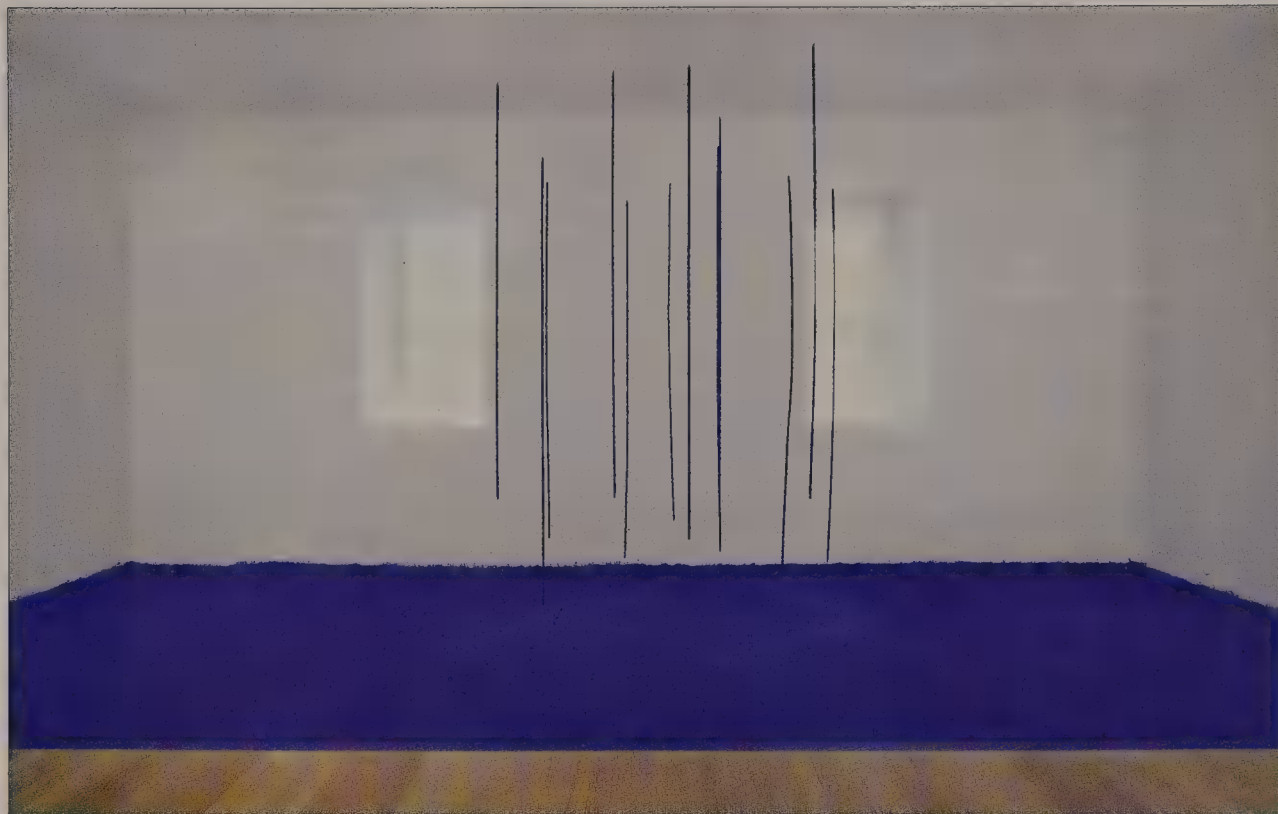
Dominique Lévy
Through November 18

To inaugurate her new Madison Avenue gallery, Dominique Lévy curated a moving, museum-worthy exhibition that includes 33 works by Yves Klein, Lucio Fontana, and Cy Twombly made mostly between the 1950s and '80s. The works, many of them lent by museums and private collectors, all use abstraction as a means to empty the object of any conventional references—that includes image, surface, even mass. While the artists connect on many levels, Lévy's placement of their

kind of comforting infinitude—an "audible presence."

In this context, Klein's pigment-and-resin works are particularly striking and effective. The artist conceived of his International Klein Blue as the color of infinity, and his porous, powdery works in that hue feel particularly boundless and ethereal yet intensely present. One of the most satisfying gems in the show is Klein's invocation of rain, *Pluie Bleue* (S 36), 1961, on loan from the Menil Collection in Houston. Lévy devotes a small

room to the installation, which consists of a rectangular blanket of blue pigment lying beneath 12 dangling blue posts suspended vertically from the ceiling like elongated raindrops. To see such an unusually large swath of the pigment is to experience the way Klein seemed to bend the laws of physics: the blue material is so soft and dense it absorbs light, all the while remaining shockingly bright. The raindrops, meanwhile, indicative of his fixation on the experience of time



Yves Klein, *Pluie Bleue* (S 36), 1961, dry pigment and synthetic resin on wooden dowels, 82½" x 12" x ¾".

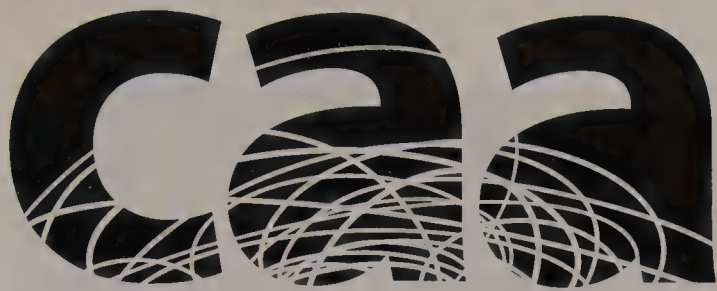
work within the context of sound draws out unexpected and exciting resonances.

The inspiration for the show was Klein's 1947–48 "Monotone-Silence Symphony," a score that consists of musicians playing a single chord—D major—for 20 minutes, followed by 20 minutes of silence. To kick off the exhibition, Lévy orchestrated a production of the piece with 70 musicians and singers in a nearby church on opening night. Harmonizing for such a sustained period of time, the violins, cellos, flutes, horns, and voices seemed to articulate the sound of time passing beyond human perception—fluid and perfect, without interruption or variation in speed. Similarly, the silent portion, as disconcerting as it was initially, seemed less about the absence of sound than the experience of the passing of time without markers, a

passing, evoke stalactites in their extended drips—an image of centuries passing understood in a single glance.

Lévy secured Klein's only white sponge painting for the show, and the absence of pigment and the airiness of the sponges echo the ethereal quality of Twombly's cloudy white bronze sculptures, in which he had magically transformed matter into specter. Similarly, in a series of luminous canvases, Twombly dissolved the surface with unidirectional streaks of paint, crayon, and pencil that together convey the same kind of energy and vibrations as the musical instruments in the church performance. For Fontana's part, his gashes read less like holes than passages between the surfaces of front and back. Like the silence, the holes are not emptiness, but continuity.

—Meredith Mendelsohn



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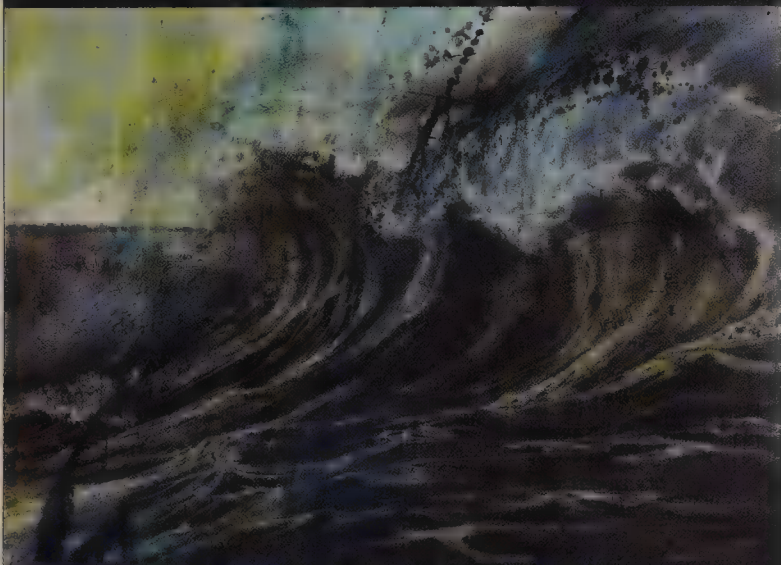
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William Kentridge

Marian Goodman

This stunning, encyclopedic show demonstrated the power of William Kentridge's low-tech magic, a process that slowly reveals its hand right before our eyes, without necessarily giving everything away. The show, titled "Second-hand Reading," which included ink drawings, flip-book films, kinetic sculptures, and linocuts, left us spellbound even after all these years of watching the artist's tricks over and over.

In the main room, several Rube Goldbergian machines—made of found objects such as bicycle wheels, megaphones, and tripods—sat on stands waiting to be cranked up. Once the gears are in motion, the devices turn cut-out black metal shapes into ominous near-presences—bird and animal and vaguely human forms. The cranking also produces sounds that are sometimes music, sometimes breathing, sometimes simply mechanical grinding. In one especially powerful piece, *Untitled (Singer Choir/Chorus)*, 2013, a series of Singer sewing machines equipped with folding measuring sticks played a soulful soundtrack by South African composer Neo Muyanga, tracking the rhythm of labor and the passage of time. In the same room, perched high on a wall, a set of huge percussion instruments that, when turned on, made big booming sounds that were so compelling viewers could hardly not move to the pulse.

Meanwhile, lining the walls of that room were images of black-ink trees painted atop a patchwork of encyclopedia pages, amounting to trees of associations, of understandings and misunderstandings, and branches reaching out to other trees and ideas. The tree drawings, kinetic sculptures, and animations all suggest how words, images, and music are contagious and how they transmutate before our ears and eyes. Ideas can't be stopped.

More phrases and conundrums illustrated the drawings and prints, as in Kentridge's "Colour Chart" prints, in which the graphic squares feature solid colors and geometric shapes on text, or images (sometimes of the artist), along with expressions such as "let us enter the chapter," "man is a walking clock," and "performing the meaning's absence."



William Kentridge, installation view: *He that Fleed his Fate*, 2013 (background, left); *Meeting the Page Halfway*, 2013 (background, right); *Untitled (Bicycle Wheel Sculpture)*, 2013.

We can read in any direction, beginning in the middle or not.

The show offered an enchanted and sometimes scary forest of invention, a kind of retrospective showing the creative breadth of this storyteller, philosopher, psychoanalyst, dreamer, intellectual historian, and cultural assessor.

Other rooms featured projections of Kentridge's flip-book films and drawings for them, using texts ranging from *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* to encyclopedias and found pages, with words and aphorisms painted on. These

animated texts enable the artist to control time and memory, page by page, often using his own image. He makes the pages come alive and produces an introspective yet witty grand autobiography and gives us the wherewithal to insert ourselves in the measuring of time and history.

One phrase that appears in his color chart *Meeting the Page Halfway* (2013) reads, "whichever page you open, there you are," comically calling to mind a line from the film *Buckaroo Banzai*, "No matter where you go, there you are."

—Barbara A. MacAdam

Paola Pivi

Galerie Perrotin

The challenging title of Paola Pivi's show, "Ok, you are better than me, so what?," the inaugural exhibition of Galerie Perrotin's New York space, is provocative, in the whimsical, somewhat dadaist manner characteristic of the Alaska-based (but peripatetic) artist. This new, finely feathered flock of eight nursery-colored polar bears (all 2013) was another instance of Pivi's improbable juxtapositions. The bears, a vulnerable species, have been her protagonists in the past, as befits Arctic neighbors, and they underscore her environmentalist leanings. Nearly life-size, they seemed at home in their urban space, standing, sitting, or lying down in a variety of anthropomorphized poses. One red bear had its substantial (but adorable) rump in the air, its head down, like a sulking baby, and is simply called ?. Another was lolling on its back, its pink legs in the air, titled *Mama no more diapers, please*. And a dark-blue one, on all fours, had a label that says, *It's not fair*. Indeed, it is often not.

On a more ominous note, *Here it comes the hunter* designated the bright-green bear installed overhead, above the entrance. And to the left a blue beast seemed to be springing forward; it was tagged, *Who told you white men can jump?*

Downstairs was *Money machine (true blue, baby I love you)*—Pivi could be a lyricist for a rock band—a slotted, metal cube of blue rising to the ceiling that spit out money, albeit slowly. Viewers warily circumambulated the imposing object—the ATM as sacred shrine, perhaps—and they were invited to take or contribute, as they wished. Most were not tempted by the small change on the ground, but with global economies in the state they are, one might think, Every little bit helps.

—Lilly Wei



Paola Pivi, "Ok, you are better than me, so what?" 2013, urethane foam and plastic feathers, installation view. Galerie Perrotin.

Sol LeWitt

Paula Cooper and the Jewish Community Center in Manhattan

Two shows—one modest, the other spectacular—help explain why Sol LeWitt, who died in 2007, is still such a force in contemporary art. Visitors to the Upper West Side Jewish Community Center through November 12 can experience a mixed LeWitt bag: 25 prints and gouaches, in a show curated by Stacy Bolton and Megan Whitman, installed in the Laurie M. Tisch Gallery, and one huge, 69-by-69-inch gouache, titled *Circle* (1992), consisting of concentric spheres. Hanging in the JCC's atrium, it could be viewed as either concave or convex—and this is the point of LeWitt's relationship with geometry. What we perceive—the perfect circles made imperfect by the medium's inherent irregularities—is not only a visual enigma but a configuration that contains the artist's hand.

The show at Paula Cooper was also a heterogeneous sampling. *Squiggly*

Brushstrokes (1996), a 60½-by-140-inch gouache, redirects the geometry-cum-hand-work idea of *Circle*. Here LeWitt transformed the brushstroke, traditionally a kind of artist's signature since brush technique is idiosyncratic, into the work of art. So what looks like a confused mass of multi-colored spaghetti resolves itself into LeWitt's self-portrait as art. The gallery's generous space also accom-

modated two sculptures: one a serial, skyscraper-like piece that alludes to LeWitt's use of cement blocks arranged in cubes, and the other *Pyramid #12* (1985), a white, painted-wood object that uses triangles as its point of departure. Both pieces underscore how LeWitt could use geometry to create illusion as well as transform plane geometry into solid geometry.

The opposite effect—the viewer being incorporated into the work of art—occurred with the colossal *Wall Drawing #564: Complex forms with color ink washes superimposed*, which covered three walls in Paula Cooper's huge rear space. Originally created for the 1988 Venice Biennale, it was here re-created—again the impermanence of the artist was belied by the permanently renewable wall painting—as if to provide proof of LeWitt's presence among us. The walls appeared to move in and out, the shapes changed before our eyes, and the colors dazzled with kaleidoscopic effects.

—Alfred Mac Adam



Sol LeWitt, *Wall Drawing #564: Complex forms with color ink washes superimposed*, 2013, installation view. Paula Cooper.

Robert Ryman

Pace

These paintings, all from 2010–11, were mostly white, as might be expected from Robert Ryman, although he often uses color as part of his pared-down vocabulary. In this body of work, the color is in the painted grounds—dark gray, lime green, or red-brown—with the canvas wrapped tautly around the edges of the six small, oil-on-canvas squares in this show that ranged in size from 18 to 24 inches, and 2½ inches deep.

The surfaces are addressed in various ways, with textured, crunchy, or softened white brushstrokes meticulously applied, coalescing into nearly square cloud formations. The strokes advance and retreat toward the edges, obliquely slipping away from them and leave a sliver or more around the whiteness that seems to levitate in front of the colored ground, creating a variant of the push-pull of classic figure-ground relationships.

The other work in the exhibition was *No Title Required 3* (2010), ten large wood panels painted in acrylic and enamel, the sheen of each smooth surface glimmering and shifting slightly. No panel is the same size. The differences in dimension are sometimes barely visible—except in juxtaposition—increasing to more than four inches. The progression is subtly syncopated (Ryman once considered a career as a jazz musician).

Precision matters because it is a large part of the content of Ryman's work—a more than 50-year study of what

constitutes his chosen medium: paint, brushwork, support, scale, and their possibilities. In his hands, the possibilities become immense. Ryman, as obsessed in his own way as any Cézanne or Ahab, has transfigured literalness into rare beauty, urged on by the gods of detail and attentiveness. —**Lilly Wei**

'Murdered Out'

Skarstedt

It's not what it looks like. "Murdered Out" is a slang term in the urban car culture that signifies "a roguish car covered in matte-black paint from roof to rim."

The works by the four intransigent artists in this two-floor show—Christopher Wool, Mike Kelley, Cady Noland, and Richard Prince—came out of the '80s and early '90s and examined the dark underbelly of American culture through the use of manipulated objects and stealthy metaphors.

Kelley's crumpled blue-and-red afghan security blanket, a floor piece titled *Sculpted by a Mouse* (1991/98), greeted viewers. His set of eight Cibachrome portraits of worn-out stuffed animals plus one disgruntled-looking year-book photo of himself, sardonically titled *Ahh... Youth*

(1991)—which Kelley referred to at the time as "a kind of black nostalgia"—hung on the wall. His two naughty black-and-white photos of a naked couple, smeared with disgusting fluids, doing explicit things with large plush rabbits, along with his chilling *Torture Table* (1992) upstairs, offered unnerving affinities with Paul McCarthy's latest work. Prince's celebrated biker-chick photo piece was also here, along with his tropical island photo-work featuring marooned cartoon castaways

making dumb sex jokes. Up on the landing there was a fabulous rubber planter made from an actual truck tire, while a wordy red-and-maroon painting told another crude joke. This was Prince at his best.

It was also great to see Noland's iconic *Untitled (Walker)*, 1989: a wire basket, an orthopedic walker, and a forlorn flag. Her *Dead Space*, whose steel scaffolding pipes closed off part of the gallery to any art, and her jokey *Chicken in a Basket* (both 1989), consisting of a wire basket filled with beer cans topped with a deflated rubber chicken strangled by a bungee cord, in this installation were



Cady Noland, *Untitled (Walker)*, 1989, walker, basket, American flag, pole with wheel, 48¼" x 30½" x 31". Skarstedt.



Robert Ryman, *Untitled*, 2010, oil on stretched-cotton canvas, 18" x 18" x 2½". Pace.

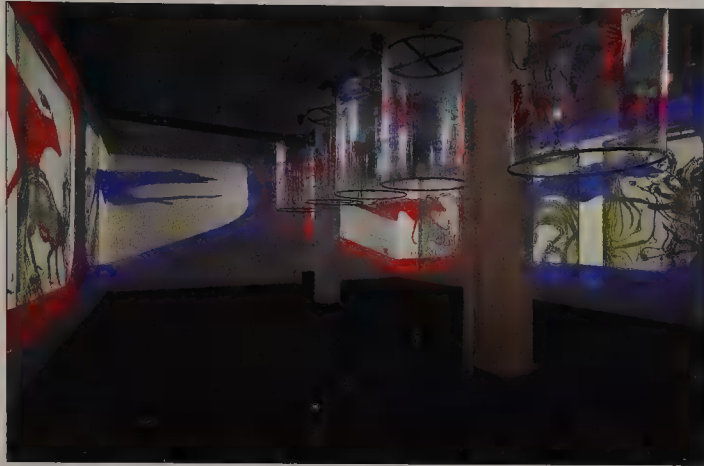
quite perfect. Wool, too, appeared at his best in two large, gorgeously obliterated silk screen abstractions and one smaller, stenciled, more legible work that reads: "ANDIFYOUCANTTAKEAJOEYOU-CANGETTHEFUCKOUTOFMYHOUSE."

The political content of these light-hearted, subversive, sardonic, and semi-tragic works may not have been apparent when they were made but now it comes across like a stealth bomber: they were uncanny predictions of the not-so-distant future. —**Kim Levin**

Nalini Malani

Galerie Lelong

Blue hounds raced around the walls, stretching to become clouds and sky. The head of a young woman emerged at the corners of the room. Hand gestures spread



Nalini Malani, *In Search of Vanished Blood*, 2012, six channel video/shadow play with five rotating reverse-painted Mylar cylinders, sound, 11 minutes, dimensions variable, installation view. Galerie Lelong.

across the room. Mythical monsters floated by. There was a loud crash, and an allover welter of black-and-white molecular patterning yielded a single giant thumbprint. Reconfigured from its 2012 debut at Documenta 13, *In Search of Vanished Blood* by Indian video-art pioneer Nalini Malani is an immersive six-channel video/shadow play with five reverse-painted rotating Mylar cylinders. Stunningly complex, the installation is an ever-changing mirage of overlapping sights and sounds.

Hindu, Jain, and Greek deities; animals and nonhuman creatures; female archetypes; disembodied organs and turds; and autopsy instruments were projected at varying speeds onto the wall and through the images on the transparent cylinders. The haunting soundtrack includes chanting, droning music, a scream, echoes, and a child's voice. Inspired by Christa Wolf's novel *Cassandra*, the work also incorporates texts from Urdu poetry, Rainer Maria Rilke, and Beckett, among others. Gradually the viewer realized that this evanescent piece, like all of Malani's work, is about violence, the partition of India (which happened a year after her birth in Karachi), the politics of postcolonial national identity, the militant, and the feminine.

During the eleven-minute loop, it seemed as if you had absorbed the colors and imagery, the variety, beauty, and

horror of India, as well as its difficult history. And yet, the whole, like political memory, remained indecipherable. The disjunction between means and effect was staggering. The lexicon of female iconography might suggest Nancy Spero; the intense fluidity rivals Pipilotti Rist.

As for William Kentridge, with whom her work has often been compared for the way it deals with collective memory, selective amnesia, and the traumas of the local political past—Malani's formidable work easily matches his.

Though this exhibition opened quietly—with small, reverse-painted still works—there was also an unforgettable hand-drawn video sketch on graph paper, titled *Penelope* (2012): in

it, animalistic creatures magically appear and are obliterated, calling forth an endless thread leading straight to the artist's hand and mind.

—Kim Levin

Edward Burtynsky

Howard Greenberg and Bryce Wolkowitz

Edward Burtynsky's epic color photographs show water and its uses in two simultaneous, sometimes overlapping shows, part of a series published as a book by Steidl. To make the big, digital, gorgeous views, Burtynsky and his assistants traveled worldwide to sites where water has dramatically changed the landscape. After several ambitious

explorations of the forces driving the global economy—photographing oil, mining, and manufacturing in China—Burtynsky found, in water, a subject that could address the sublime and the spiritual.

The images constitute a wide-ranging essay on our interactions with water—how we harness it for agriculture or power, collect it in salt ponds and stepwells, worship it through religion and tourism, and change its form by accelerating the melting of glaciers. In a video playing in a small room at Wolkowitz, Burtynsky and his team attach cameras to a helicopter; a crane (to shoot Xiluodu Dam in south-central China, so massive it seems to curve like the Earth); and, intriguingly, to a tiny unmanned aerial vehicle (a drone) to photograph a vast grid of marine aquaculture plots in Fujian Province, China. In the video, Burtynsky discusses the freedom granted by new technology and a bigger budget to position the camera wherever he wishes, usually high above his subject. The images—in India, China, Mexico, and the United States—are stupendously beautiful. Water appears emerald green at the base of an Escher-like stepwell in Rajasthan, India, or an eerie glowing turquoise in the swirls of an Icelandic glacial river.

But occasionally, Burtynsky keeps the camera closer to the ground, as he does in a view of funeral pyres on the shore at Manikarnika Ghat in Varanasi, India. Ablaze with orange flames and strings of marigolds let loose in the Ganges, the image is a dark, smoldering study of the human need for water.

—Rebecca Robertson



Edward Burtynsky, *Xiluodu Dam #1, Yangtze River, Yunnan Province, China*, 2012, C-print on Kodak Endura Premier Paper; printed 2013, 35" ■ 68". Howard Greenberg.

Leslie Hewitt

Sikkema Jenkins & Co.

Leslie Hewitt, like a number of contemporary photographers, treats photographs as objects, making pictures that



Leslie Hewitt, *Riffs on Real Time (10 of 10)*, 2013, traditional chromogenic print, 40" x 30". Sikkema Jenkins & Co.

function as two-dimensional sculptures. Hewitt achieves this effect by placing one photograph on top of another, then photographing the pair against her dark-brown studio floor. By layering and combining images and meaning in this manner, she often comes up with results that match the personal with the political in interesting ways. But often her intended meanings remain oblique and mysterious.

Hewitt's series "Riffs on Real Time" (2013) takes a look at photography in the 1970s, combining snapshots of ordinary objects and scenes with magazine pages. In one work, a washed-out photo of rocky cliffs sits in the middle of a black-and-white Xerox of a magazine article covering the Kent State massacre. The resulting image underscores the limitations of photographs as both physical objects that can fade and deteriorate and as vehicles to preserve history. In another very poetic image, Hewitt places a romantic blue seascape on top of a sensational magazine photo

of an explosion on a street. This montage works formally, creating a push/pull between the quietude of one picture and the dynamism of the other.

The organization of the gallery established a disquieting sensation, with two large white platforms tilted against the walls, like temporary dividers not yet set in place. Also, two other photographs were on the floor, leaning against the wall, forcing viewers to crouch down to see the details. In *Untitled (Perception)*, 2013, Hewitt presents a still life containing a maplewood panel resting on top of three books, one of which is James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*. In a nod to 18th-century still lifes, Hewitt places a perfectly cut lemon close to the books. This photograph, like many of the others here, refers to race in the most subtle way possible.

—Barbara Pollack

Mary Mattingly

Robert Mann

Mary Mattingly's personal belongings, lashed together with rope, imagine the fate of society in the wake of environmental destruction. This show, "House and Universe," included two such aggregations: *Gyre* (2013), a hemisphere of the artist's cast-offs bound to a wagon wheel, and *Terrene* (2012), which hung from the ceiling like a wrecking ball. The strength of these masses intensified the mood of the 15 photographs situating Mattingly's sculptures in a postapocalyptic wasteland. In *Microsphere* (2012), three women nestle inside a geodesic

cocoon watching children swim in murky water near houseboats. Packing materials labeled "COSCO" (China's international shipping company) dominate the skyline.

In *Life of Objects* (2013), a ball of detritus rests on top of a naked, fair-skinned boy who bears the weight of human possessions. Other works seemed straightforwardly documentary. *Flock* (2012) captures one of several floating domiciles designed and inhabited by the artist from 2011 to 2012.

Mattingly takes photographs all over the world, but refuses to divulge their locations, adding to our overall sense of disorientation. Alongside Andrea Zittel, Mel Chin, and other utilitarian art activists, she participates in an expanding forum that proposes alternative solutions for living in a society transformed by floods, war, and economic collapse. *A Ruin in Reverse* (2013), a sarcophagus-shaped bundle tossed into a freshly dug grave, recalls Ana Mendieta's *Siluetas*.

The poignancy of Mattingly's environments is their vulnerability. They are imperfect solutions that question humanity's chances for survival in a post-consumer age. Gathering together her own belongings, she asks, "Why did I own them? How did they get into my life? And what's my responsibility?" The success of Mattingly's work rests, perhaps, on whether it actually moves us to action.

—Johanna Ruth Epstein



Mary Mattingly, *Life of Objects*, 2013, chromogenic dye coupler print, 30" x 30". Robert Mann.

'John Ashbery Collects'

Loretta Howard

This charming and imaginative exhibition of John Ashbery's art collection, subtitled "Poet Among Things," enfolded the spectator in re-created rooms of Ashbery's Hudson, New York, house. The interior design was drawn life-size in black and white on the gallery walls by cartoonist Matthew Thurber. Curated by Adam Fitzgerald and Emily Skillings, the installation revealed the multifaceted poet, art critic, translator, collagist, and lifelong collector. Furniture, art pottery, bibelots, toys, textiles, artworks, and selections from Ashbery's library became essential expressions of his psyche through their arrangements in the galleries. The actual late-Victorian clapboard house could be viewed now as a collage environment, constructed over the course of 35 years, with elements from the poet's past and present in what he called his grandparents' "much loved house."

Among the mementos here was an oil painting cutout of Edwin Denby and Ada Katz by Alex Katz on a stand next to a spare oak worktable with a portable Smith Corona typewriter on it. Above it hung a Jane Freilicher painting of mixed flowers, and a chalk pastel dedicated to "Helen" from Joan (Mitchell). A glass-fronted bookcase held works by Gertrude Stein, Harry Mathews, Apollinaire, Donald Barthelme, Elizabeth Bishop, and Ronald Firbank interspersed with a little bisque bust of Byron, a set of Daffy Duck glasses, a wooden Felix the Cat, and a Staffordshire tea set in the shape of strawberries, among other collectibles.

There were clues to Ashbery's decade living in Paris that shaped not only his vocation as a modernist poet, but also his development in the tradition of poet-as-art-critic established by Baudelaire and Apollinaire. The artworks in this show represented bonds he'd formed intellectually and emotionally, in France and the United States, when he was executive editor of *ARTnews* and art critic for *Newsweek* and *New York* magazine. Such associations included Mitchell, Shirley Goldfarb, Jean Hélion, Giorgio Cavallon, Elaine and Willem de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Katz, and Joe Brainard.



Alex Katz, *John Ashbery*, 1985, oil on aluminum, 34" x 16". Loretta Howard.

A collaboration with artist Archie Rand, consisting of three comics from a 2001 series "Heavenly Days Illuminated," hung outside the living room. Ashbery's affinities for Joseph Cornell and Brainard, like his interest in Henry Darger and Jess, spurred him to make his own collages, of which there were many examples here along with postings of his poetry. Ashbery's love of Japanese prints—the lovely Kakemono of a beauty by Eisen, and the Kunisada prints—together with his collection of American art pottery, places him in that time and place of the 1960s through the '80s when there was a boundless eclecticism of tastes, and we could see the extraordinary scope of Ashbery's unique poetic accomplishment. —Charles Ruas

Walter Dahn

Venus Over Manhattan

Curator (and artist) Richard Prince has been devoted to the work of Cologne-based artist Walter Dahn since the two met over 20 years ago, and this hard-hitting exhibition—subtitled "4th Time Around/(My Back Pages)" and including pieces from Prince's own collection—was a tribute from one consummate copyist to another.

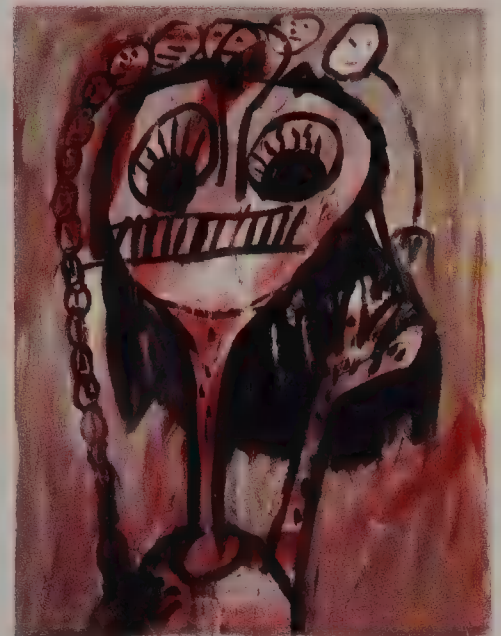
Dahn studied with Joseph Beuys in the

early 1970s, and Beuys's belief that anyone could be an artist was reflected in the seemingly naive crudeness of Dahn's images. Among the earliest works in this show were several large, roughly scrawled canvases dated 1981 and 1982. *Ohne Titel* (1981), a rendering of a bug-eyed young girl with a snake of round faces descending from the top of her head, brings to mind Dubuffet's versions of primitive graffiti. And *The Memento m.* (1982) is a frightening Goyaesque image of an arm with a skull in its hand.

Repelled by critical appreciation of his beautiful brushwork, Dahn gave up painting in December 1984. Instead, he began making unique silk-screened copies on canvas of found drawings. That method of appropriation resonates with Prince's replicas of magazine ads and cartoons, although the artists are very different. The sardonically titled 1986 work *Les premiers jours du Printemps* (The first days of spring), for example, is a hastily drawn black-outlined figure of a masturbating boy.

Smaller, more recent pieces were also on view, including *Anne Frank wehrt sich* (2005), a drawing of a girl surrounded by rays screened on a small fragment of stained teal-and-white checkered cloth. But *Chickencoop (After Walker Evans)*, 1998, a tabletop house cobbled together from thin strips of weathered wood, was the exhibition's oddball. A strange little ladder with three unreachable steps leading up to a ramshackle balcony lent a fragile, provisional air to this otherwise tough show.

—Elisabeth Kley



Walter Dahn, *Ohne Titel*, 1981, dispersion on canvas, 78" x 57". Venus Over Manhattan.

'Paradise'

Pace

As successful an inspiration as any for a show of gallery artists, "Paradise" had the advantage of a title that was short and sweet and open to interpretation. An artist could go all Zen in a geometric sort of way: Agnes Martin in a subdued line painting, *Untitled #5* (2002), that seems to float on the canvas; and Robert Irwin in a 2011 wall construction of vertical fluorescent-style lights, the white lights lit and the colored ones not—all to very intriguing effect.

The balancing act of drawn lines and arcs versus off-kilter forms in Robert Mangold's shaped painting *Column Structure XVIII A* (2007) revealed the artist at the top of his form. Likewise, a smallish Elizabeth Murray gem, *Twist of Fate, December* (1979), in which a green, blue, and pink, vaguely cruciform shape topped off by a bright-cherry shape with stem, showed the artist at her freewheeling best.

The figure—human and other—could be found in the gallery's second room. Zhang Huan's *Tui Bei Tu No. 36* (2007) is a giant sheet of handmade paper largely covered with a cascade of white feathers. At its top, a drawn bird, perhaps a kingfisher, looks on regally. Tactility and mystery play off one another to great effect. Similarly, Pier Paolo Calzolari's untitled 1978 example of *arte povera*—a painting on lead, with a music stand and a single feather attached—made a nice transition, somehow sharing a palette and sensibility with Zhang.

Introducing the human element, a Jim Dine bathrobe painting, *Bethlehem* (1979), paired well with Kiki Smith's untitled 1994 plaster female figure with stained-glass butterflies attached. As if alighting on an unapologetic Eve, the chunky butterflies add an unpredictability to this almost ecstatic plaster nude who holds her arms wide open. It is a soaring homage and a riposte to art history and its parade of female nudes.

—Cynthia Nadelman



Jim Dine, *Bethlehem*, 1979, oil on canvas, 79" x 53". Pace.

Barbara Takenaga

DC Moore

The stylistically diverse paintings in Barbara Takenaga's show seemed to blast off into outer space, expanding on the artist's previous work and alluding to alien landscapes populated by what look like spaceships, satellite maps, fireworks, tidal waves, and carnival rides. By adding a horizon line to many of the paintings, Takenaga breaks up the all-over-ness of her signature swirls of dots

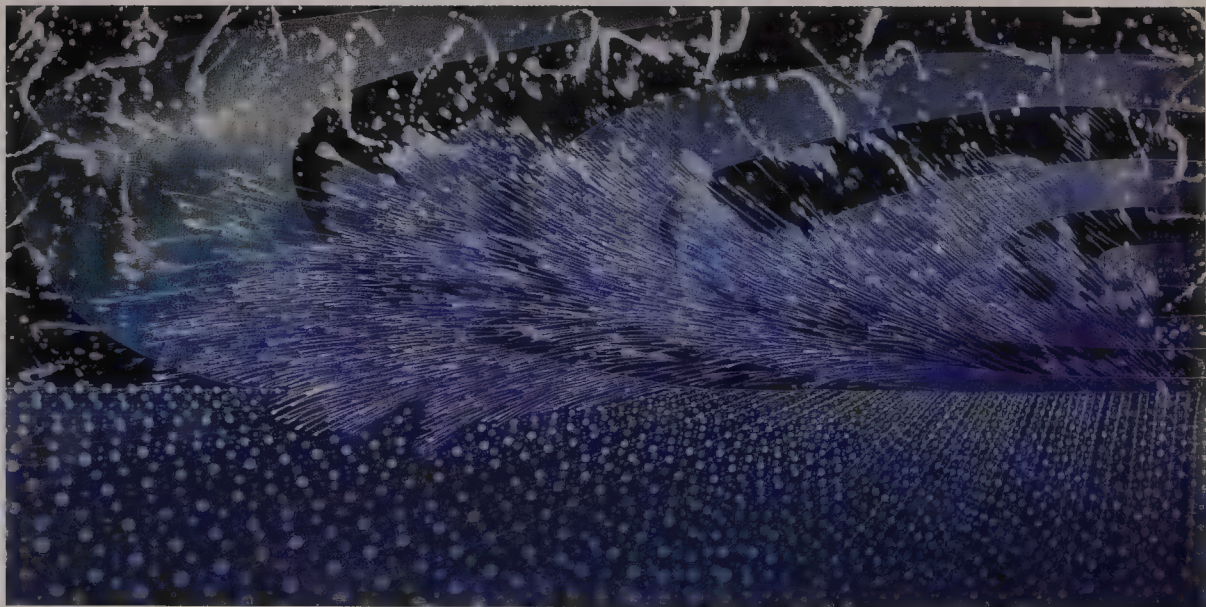
and careening lines to create an intriguing topography.

The inclusion of radial lines adds a hallucinogenic element of shifting spaces. In *Tadanori Meets Hiroshige* (2013), Takenaga extracts elements from the Japanese graphic designer and illustrator Tadanori and the artist Hiroshige to devise an intriguing configuration of radiating beams in contrasting blues. These are topped by an orange-and-green swirl and anchored by a yellow vertical bar spanning the left side of the canvas. In *Red Funnel* (2013), where a phoenix-rising-from-the-ashes shape emerges from a murky splash of greenish gray, the atmosphere is distinctly apocalyptic. The pulsing orbs of light in the comparatively sedate *Sphere/Horizon* (2012) recall Ross Bleckner's cosmic chandelier paintings from the 1980s.

Takenaga has developed new approaches to her painting, such as pouring or throwing paint on canvas in a manner she calls "faux Ab Ex." It was particularly apparent in *Green Light* (2013), in which minute splatters of paint are isolated and outlined in cartoonish configurations.

More surprises abounded in the gallery's second room. *White Grid on Silver* and *#3 Black and Silver Grid* (both 2013) presented yet another take on the artist's seemingly infinite imagination. In these, the shimmering wavy grids look like old TV patterns, or, in Takenaga's words, a "Zen surrealism."

—Amanda Church



Barbara Takenaga, *Two Waves*, 2013, acrylic on linen, 36" x 72". DC Moore.

Susie MacMurray

Danese Corey

In Susie MacMurray's elegant sculptures, everyday materials are combined into immaculate objects that call to mind natural, bodily, and vegetal forms. *Siblings* (2013), for example, features creamy wax teardrops formed around fishhooks hanging from steel pins stuck into the wall, suggesting fungi growing out of Sheetrock. Similar, larger wax shapes, resembling baby carrots, could be found nearby in *Harem* (2013), attached to pins suspended from violin bow hairs and a ring originally made for a bull's nose. And *Feast* (2013) is a bunch of larger white teardrops built up out of layers of plastic food wrap that dangle from a metal butcher's hook. MacMurray's use of objects meant for piercing imbues her work with an air of fetishistic violence.

A *Mixture of Frailties* (2004/13), the show's largest piece, evoked less menacing subtexts. Made of hundreds of inside-out household rubber gloves and posing in a semiprivate niche, the ballgown-shaped sculpture seemed to contrast the glamour of the wedding ceremony with the housework likely to follow. In the rear gallery, frailer textiles were represented in five large, meticulously delineated ink drawings of disintegrating gauze bandages, conjuring unseen injuries. And *Anaconda* (2013), a small, end-less serpent made of conjoined aluminum rings, was neatly set on a low pedestal in the center of the room.

The dangling appendages created by Louise Bourgeois and Yayoi Kusama appear to be ancestors to MacMurray's sculptures. Her innovation is to juxtapose the bloody and disturbing implications of fishhooks, butcher's hooks,



Susie MacMurray, *Siblings* (detail), 2013, fishhooks, wax, steel pins, dimensions variable, installation view. Danese Corey.

and cattle nose rings against the spotless perfection of careful craftsmanship and pristine presentation. By replacing grit with the aura of a high-end jewelry store, however, MacMurray sometimes neutralizes the impact of her work.

—Elisabeth Kley

David Adamo/ James Castle

Peter Freeman, Inc.

This fascinating exhibition set up a dialogue between two artists: David Adamo, a sophisticated American sculptor living in Berlin, and the late James Castle, a self-taught draftsman who spent his life in relative isolation on a farm in Idaho.



David Adamo, *Untitled (8 Rib)*, 2013, bronze and electric wiring, 3" x 6" x 2 1/2". Peter Freeman, Inc.

Castle, a deaf-mute who never learned sign language, used his art to communicate with his family, creating hundreds of drawings before his death in 1977. He is best known for his rudimentary drawings of landscapes and interiors made from soot mixed with spit. There were several examples in this compelling show, including a tiny rendering of a field with black columns that could be trees or even smokestacks. Lining one wall of the gallery was his "study" of the

same figure, standing against a two-tone background bifurcated by a horizon line, in 60 different drawings. In some of the works, this crudely drawn individual might appear to be a bear, a Santa Claus, a robot, or a little girl. Together, the drawings demonstrated Castle's unrelenting quest for creative development and, perhaps, a search for personal identity.

Adamo's sculptures matched up perfectly with Castle's drawings. In one room, the artist covered the vast floor with his *Bâtons Rompus* (*Broken Sticks*), 2013, a herringbone pattern of white chalk sticks that crack as they are stepped on. Soaring into the same space was a row of five towering cedar poles, chewed away, as if by beavers, to the point where it is unclear how they can support their weighty tops.

In another room, Adamo contributed *125 Erasers* (2013), a piece consisting of eraser-like pieces, each carved in clay and painted utterly realistically. They paired nicely with a vitrine of drawing implements, fashioned by Castle.

Both artists play with scale and accumulation in ways that appeal to our nostalgia for childhood. Their works remind us of a time when art making was more of a personal exploration and less the act of a producer churning out commodities.

—Barbara Pollack

'The New Abstractionists VIII'

Walter Wickiser

The four abstractionists featured in this exhibition, Joan Miller, Renée Lerner, Jaro, and Austin James, distinguish their work from that of earlier abstract artists, even as they credit the traditions to which they are heirs. Miller's jewel-like canvases harken back to early 20th-century paintings in which color is an end in itself (think Matisse, Miró, and the Orphic Cubists). Lerner's tousled fabric, felt, metal, mesh, and other scrap hangings draw upon the legacies of readymades and objets-trouvés from Schwitters to Bourgeois. Jaro's flat, geometric compositions are visibly indebted to Russian Suprematism. James's broad cascades of pigment in mineral hues invite comparison with Color Field painters and such lyrical abstractionists as Frankenthaler and Diebenkorn.

The artworks shown here are nonetheless resolutely of their time. What united these contemporary abstractionists was the absence of ideological agendas. Malevich, an inflexible purist, never would have tolerated Jaro's flirtations with representation; interlocking shapes in *Composition in Red* (2013) and *Composition II* (2011) suggest skyscrapers, smokestacks, celestial bodies and beams of light. Lerner's *Red Dress with Chains* (2013), composed of crimson and black fabrics interspersed with links of metal, suggests decadent eveningwear. James's pictures might fit in a lineup of 20th-century modernist work, until it becomes

apparent that their surfaces are sealed in resin, which reflects the spectator and violates the modernist credo that the canvas is a porous boundary through which the artist communicates feeling. Miller's abundant delight in laying down color is thoroughly contemporary. Unlike the early modernists, she has nothing to prove and nothing to lose. In works such as *Heady Creek II* (2012) exuberance infuses her strokes, blooming across the canvas. Abstraction has never spoken with a single voice. These artists are pursuing disparate aims in an ongoing exploration that, happily, shows no signs of slowing down.

—Johanna Ruth Epstein

Sebastiaan Bremer

Edwynn Houk

Under and among layers of scratches and paint in these mostly black-and-white mixed-media works lurk figures and glimpses of an artist's studio. A close look revealed that the 16 pieces in this show were actually photographs that had been artfully altered and obscured through digital means. The chromogenic prints contain imagery pulled from such artists as Picasso, Matisse, Brassai, and Bill Brandt. The photos consist of combined fragments and whole paintings



Sebastiaan Bremer, *Chaise*, 2013, unique hand-painted chromogenic print with mixed media, 23 7/8" x 16 1/2". Edwynn Houk.

flesh of a rounded female form, for instance. Other works here included brush marks in blue or black, and a few featured color in the photo itself, as in one peachy image of a woman's back.

Sometimes a trace of the photo's source could still be glimpsed, as in *Chaise* (all works 2013). Beneath a photo of a studio covered with Picassoesque scratched forms, the name "Dora Maar" appears in type, presumably a fragment from the caption of the original photo, pulled from a book. In *Papa Bravo*, swooping etched lines move fluidly over a murky ground that resolves into a woman's crossed legs, a darkened version of one of Bill Brandt's Eaton Place nudes.

More intriguing were images whose sources were harder to identify. *Combustion* shows a spectacular reclining nude with smooth lines radiating from an upturned, rapturous face. There are hints of Picasso and Matisse in the form and pose, but on the chaotic surface, a couple of thick fists rest on or near the body. In many images the handmade marks seemed to obscure or dispute the photo below, but here they conjure unexpected shapes—perhaps the hands of the artist himself.

—Rebecca Robertson



Joan Miller, *Heady Creek II*, 2012, oil on canvas, 18" x 24". Walter Wickiser.

Jennifer Bartlett

Pennsylvania Academy
of the Fine Arts
Philadelphia

Some young artists agonize over how they will separate themselves from the pack, even before they enter graduate school. Not Jennifer Bartlett, whose intense search for originality began in the SoHo district of Manhattan two full years after she graduated from Yale's M.F.A. program in 1965. She eventually discovered the foundation for her artistic vocabulary: baked-enamel steel plates on which she could silkscreen or paint,

established Bartlett's appeal. Whether working abstractly through a grid of dots, or figuratively, as in a painting of a section of a room, the artist creates compositions that are so tautly organized that they seem to simultaneously acknowledge the possibility of their own disruption. In the show's catalogue, Joan Didion, a fellow California native and likewise a veteran of earthquakes, recognizes "Bartlett's most persistent imagery" as an "apprehension of the po-

tential for disaster in the everyday," and traces it to her California upbringing.

Many of the works in the show demonstrated this uneasiness, offering a sense of ground shifting beneath one's feet. Two 1987 works, *Boats* and *Double House*, feature an oil on canvas hung on the wall that is mirrored in a wood-and-steel sculpture installed on the floor in front of it. In both works, space appears to fracture—forcing a rowboat to tilt awkwardly at an angle and splitting a house in two. The sculptural objects and their painted counterparts shift before viewer's eyes, as if displaced by a geological event.

Bartlett's paintings of domestic life suggest the same curious blend of coziness and impending trouble. A series from the early '90s depicts the inside of her house at differ-

ent times of day and night. In *Eleven A.M.* (1991–2), a seemingly ordinary view of wooden crates on a floor occupies center stage, while unread copies of the *New York Times* and the *New York Post* are tossed peacefully nearby. But the headline "Baby Who Beat the Butcher," screaming from the cover of the *Post* in this otherwise calm, everyday scene, strikes a powerfully ominous note.

—Edith Newhall



Boats, 1987, oil on canvas, enamel on wood, and steel, dimensions variable, installation view.

wiping away unsatisfactory results with paint thinner.

Soon after she signed on with Paula Cooper Gallery in the '70s, though, she added painting on canvas to her repertoire. This show, subtitled "History of the Universe—Works 1970–2011" and organized by Klaus Ottmann for the Parrish Art Museum in Water Mill, New York, featured 22 works, many of them breathtakingly large, and immediately

Mary Reid Kelley

Institute of
Contemporary
Art/Boston
Asian

In Mary Reid Kelley's first solo museum show, she employed video to explore a late 19th-century sensibility. Instead of using the camera as an instrument of realism, capturing the world in its colorful everydayness, the four works on view record blatantly artificial black-and-white tableaux that Reid Kelley constructed and painted. In a startling deviation from contemporary media practice, her characters, most of whom she played herself, speak in rhyming couplets filled with puns. This idiosyncratic use of language is echoed in her titles, which include *Sadie the Saddest Sadist* (2009) and *The Syphilis of Sisyphus* (2011).

Reid Kelley was trained as a fine artist, and her work can be seen as three-dimensional drawing—but it is actually as literary as it is visual. She tells old-fashioned tales that are either historical or based in myth. *Priapus Agonistes* (2013), for example, recounts the story of the Minotaur. But the artist replaces the powerful Theseus with Priapus, the god of fertility—and recasts him as a volleyball player in bulging jockey shorts stuffed with fruit.

As suggested by her videos' subjects, as well as titles like *Camel Toe* (2008), Reid Kelley is interested in the sexual—often at its raunchiest. In *The Syphilis of Sisyphus*, Parisian prostitute Sisyphus is infected with the 19th-century scourge. And the title character of *Sadie the Saddest Sadist*, a World War I-era working girl, helps the cause by giving sexual comfort to a sailor during a one-night stand, ultimately



Mary Reid Kelley with Patrick Kelley, *The Syphilis of Sisyphus*, 2011, video still, dimensions variable. Institute of Contemporary Art/Boston.

contracting syphilis for her patriotism. "I want to be a Modern Girl," Sadie intones, "and I'm at the cutting edge. / To say I don't enjoy it, / that would be a sacrilege."

In her work, Reid Kelley focuses on moments in history when gender roles and traditional morality were in flux. Although she aims to make a feminist critique, her over-the-top poetry and puns suffuse her politics with play.

—David Bonetti

Chris Armstrong

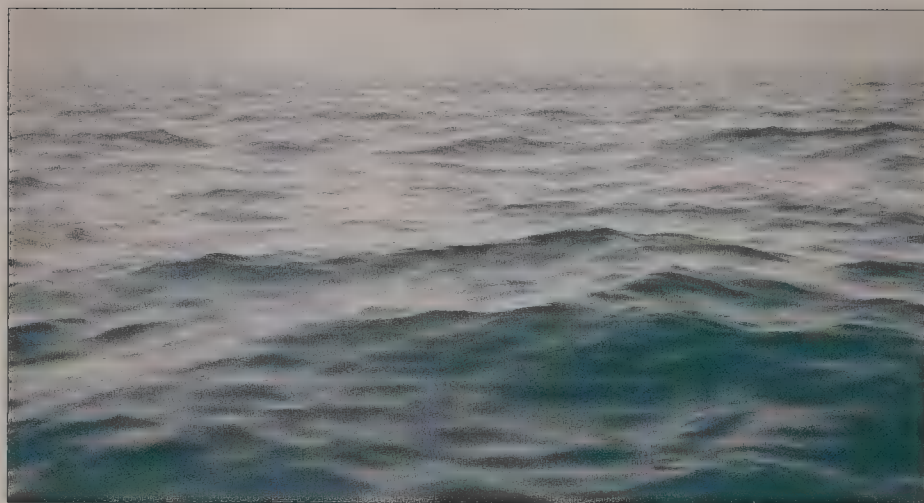
Beth Urdang
Boston

In these 13 recent paintings, Chris Armstrong harnessed more than just the appearance of "Ocean & Sky." Masterfully, in his depictions of scalloped clouds, sparkling sunlight, white froth, and watery darkness below, he also captured the sensations such scenes produce. Viewers could feel the roll of the water,

(2012), a five-and-a-half-foot-long oil on canvas, places the viewer mid-ocean, just above a steady progression of waves that moves with a rhythm both mesmerizing and threatening, and extends toward a gray horizon. There is something photographic about Armstrong's images, but they are emphatically made of paint. *Kiss* (2013), another large oil, features a wave crashing over chilly blue swells, its geyser-like spray fizzing to three edges of the canvas.

Constructing his universe from flung droplets, undulating ribbons, and silken brushstrokes of paint on canvas, panel, and aluminum, the artist focuses on the variations that color the natural world. *Flamingo* (2012) and *Chariot* (2011), two oil-on-aluminum works, display the range of effects Armstrong has achieved. A bleached-out atmosphere envelops the sea in *Flamingo*, with the foreground waves distinctly peaked and those in the background practically merging with a hazy sky. In *Chariot*, an enormous cottony cloud, backlit by the sun, dwarfs a slender band of sea. The cloud roars and the ocean gleams, but both might become stormy at any moment. Armstrong seizes upon this unpredictability—as invisible as ocean currents and winds in the sky—and turns it into something tangible and haunting.

—Joanne Silver



Chris Armstrong, *Ananda 1*, 2012, oil on canvas, 36" x 66". Beth Urdang.

Kathleen Gilje

**Bruce Museum
Greenwich, Connecticut**

This engaging, often disarming show, titled "Revised and Restored," might have seemed at first glance like a star-studded survey of European and American masterpieces. Celebrated works by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Velázquez, Raphael, Leonardo, and Manet, among others, appeared to hang from the museum's plush red walls—but they were actually expert recreations by artist Kathleen Gilje, made between 1993 and 2012.

Gilje, a former conservator who can imitate paintings in a range of styles from various periods, has long toyed with the idea of the original versus the copy, and is interested in the esthetics of appropriation. One of her ongoing strategies is to substitute contemporary art-world notables—including collectors, gallerists, museum directors, curators, and critics—for the protagonists of iconic art-historical paintings, suggesting that the structures of power persevere, and that they were not so different then from now.

Gilje's surrogates include *New York Times* critic Michael Kimmelman, whom

she exchanged for the subject of an Eakins painting; Jeffrey Deitch as Pontormo's *Halberdier*; collector Toby Devan Lewis, standing in for John Singer Sargent's elegant *Madame X*; and curator Lowery Stokes Sims as Ingres's Napoleon, regal in ermine—her pose also evoking that of Black Panther Huey Newton in a well-known photo.

On a darker note, Gilje takes on the subject of violence toward women. Her 1998 *Susanna and the Elders* seems like a fairly straightforward copy of the Artemisia Gentileschi painting—but her purportedly x-rayed version next to it, *Susanna and the Elders, Restored (X-Ray)*, reveals a series of graphic underpaintings that depict Susanna's brutal rape. And for her 1995 version of Raphael's famous portrait *La Donna Velata*, the artist decks out her subject with a black eye. There is a strong feminist bias that runs through Gilje's work, and although almost all the artists she lines up here are male, she serves them up with critical topspin.

—Lilly Wei

Yvonne Venegas

**Shoshana Wayne
Santa Monica**

Photographer Yvonne Venegas has spent her life crossing borders. Born in Long Beach, California, she grew up in Tijuana, Mexico, moved to New York to study at the International Center of Photography, and now lives and works in Mexico City. Like much of her photography, the 16 digital prints from her 2006 "Inédito" (Unedited) series in this thought-provoking exhibition were inspired by her personal experience. Venegas was initially invited to photograph



Yvonne Venegas, *Grupo (Band)*, 2006, digital print, 40" x 50". Shoshana Wayne.

behind-the-scenes shots on the set of *Rebelde* (Rebellious), a Mexican telenovela about the students in an elite academy. But her project expanded when she decided to follow the tour of a band, originally formed as part of the TV show, that gained a life of its own and became an international sensation.

In these photographs, it was sometimes difficult to separate TV fiction from reality—but that was the point. Like the actors she was documenting, whose roles in life regularly shift between being real actors to television characters to pop musicians and back again, Venegas's images cut through boundaries between public and private life, performers and audience.

Throughout the series, the photographs raise engaging questions about the meaning of the scenes they depict. *Dulce posando (Dulce posing)*, for example, can either be read as a provocative portrait of a sultry star staring defiantly at the camera, while four random people lean against the wall behind her, or as a lineup of character studies. *Grupo (Band)* is loaded with backstage tension between female performers and their male handlers, but the dynamics are unclear and ambiguous.

Images of ordinary people who desperately want to see and touch their idols are less equivocal, although they are powerful and poignant. In *Fans con cámaras (Fans with cameras)*, one of the most memorable images in the show, a range of faces in a tightly packed crowd forms a tapestry of excitement, apprehension, and longing.

—Suzanne Muchnic



Kathleen Gilje, *Lowery Sims as Ingres's Napoleon with a Gun*, 2006, oil on linen, 84½" x 57½". Bruce Museum.

UP NOW

Sebastião Salgado

Peter Fetterman
Santa Monica

Through November 30

Brazilian photographer Sebastião Salgado is best known for spectacular black-and-white images of laborers and displaced people in situations shaped by ambition and greed. His first two major series, "Workers" (1993) and "Migrations" (2000), examined a global array of disturbing social changes in all their visual splendor and experiential horror. For "Genesis," the series featured in this exhibition, Salgado has done an about-face and returned to nature. He shot the pictures over a period of eight years, from 2004 to 2012, while traveling the world in search of places that have remained relatively unchanged for centuries, and unspoiled by human "progress."

In the 46 works on view, Salgado sometimes focuses on the pure magnificence of unpopulated nature—a castle-like iceberg in the Antarctic Peninsula, an immense waterfall in Zimbabwe, the dramatic confluence of two rivers in Arizona. Other photographs present wild animals at peace in their natural habitat. The tail of a marine iguana in the Galápagos appears to be part of a watery landscape. A tapestry of chinstrap penguins covers every available space on Deception Island. A herd of buffalo running

through Kafue National Park in Zambia may be fleeing danger, but the animals leave a beautiful wake of rippling grass under a sun-streaked sky.

All the photographs are striking compositions that reinforce romantic notions of nature. But some of the most haunting images portray human beings who have long since come to terms with an extremely challenging way of life. The prime examples in this show are the nomadic Nenets in Siberia, who live in tent-like structures on icy, barren terrain. Their environment looks like the end of the Earth, but the people survive. In one particularly striking photograph, a frigid windstorm is no match for a rock of a woman bundled up in a huge fur coat.

—Suzanne Muchnic

Olga de Amaral

Bellas Artes
Santa Fe

Trained in fiber arts at Cranbrook Academy of Art in Michigan, the Colombian

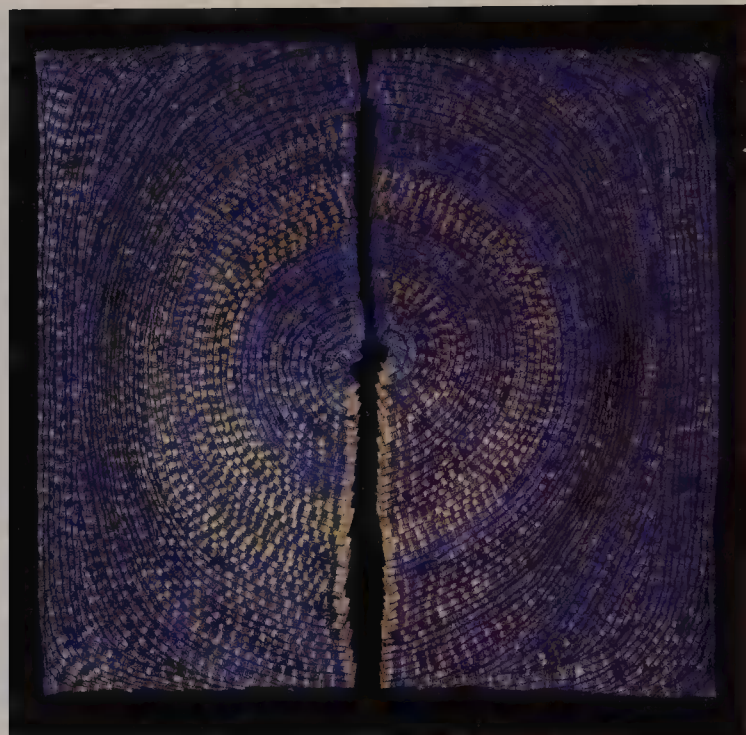
artist Olga de Amaral has been blurring the boundaries between sculpture, tapestry, and weaving for more than 40 years. These days, her work is bound to draw comparison with the more widely exhibited African artist El Anatsui—but rather than using found materials like Anatsui, de Amaral creates her works on a loom, applying gesso

and then paint or gold leaf to make tessera-like squares between strands of fiber. The results, which recall the stunning pre-Columbian gold artifacts from her native continent, can be either monumental or intimate, and hang suspended in space or like reliefs against a wall.

The nine pieces in this show—all of them a deep, earthy red or cobalt blue, shimmering with flecks of gold leaf—were drawn from her recent "POZOS AZULES" (blue wells) and "SOLES ROJOS" (red suns) series. The luminosity of each work—mounted on top of frames and jutting out a few inches from the walls—varied from subtle to intense as the viewer moved around in front of them. Each is a kind of diptych, appearing torn in the middle, with individual strands of blue and gold describing a roughly circular shape. De Amaral has said that her inspiration derives from the architecture and landscape of Bogotá—and these particular works seem to allude to the moonlike shapes and vivid blues that decorate the interiors of local houses.

Displayed in another room were three of de Amaral's earlier works, all in gold leaf, demonstrating the range and variety of her approach. But these newer works have an intimate quality, sharing with certain mandalas the ability to induce a hypnotic effect; they are, in short, mesmerizing. Simultaneously subtle and showy, hers is an art that rewards sustained viewing.

—Ann Landi



Olga de Amaral, *POZO AZUL 10*, 2013, fiber, gesso, and acrylic, 27½" x 29". Bellas Artes.



Sebastião Salgado, *When temperatures fall sharply and fierce winds blow, the Nenets stay in their temporary shelters until milder weather allows them to continue their migration. Yamal Peninsula. Siberia. Russia, 2011*, gelatin silver print, 24" x 35". Peter Fetterman.

Jan Dibbets

Alan Cristea
London

For obvious reasons, the lay of the land in Dutch landscape tradition has generally been horizontality plus big skies. For painters from Hobbema and Ruysdael through to early Mondrian, there was no getting away from it. And so for the past 50 years, Dutch Conceptual artist Jan Dibbets has persistently teased away at the Dutch outlook that consists, perceptually speaking, of nothing but land, sea, and sky. His two-part exhibition "Land Sea Colour"—which presented works produced over the past 40 years, most of them recent, at both of the gallery's Cork Street locations—brought his sort of timelessness up-to-date. Same old photographic takes on the littoral: shots of marshes or polders cleanly abutting shots of a calm North Sea.

Dibbets makes the angle of approach all-important. In photocollages from his ongoing "Land-Sea Horizons" series, it is as if a reconnaissance aircraft is nosing along the divide, banking steeply so that the land falls away and the image looks as though it may veer upside down—land and sea, sea and land, clear skies and remarkably little wave action. This might be monotonous—but, playing on his self-imposed restrictions, Dibbets has established a persuasive body of work. Here, he declares, are the (Dutch) landscape essentials—their featurelessness (no buildings, no roads, no trees even) a godsend to someone brought up on the

old mid-20th-century teachings about the virtues of sheer abstraction.

As a contrast to these elegant variations on a constant theme, Dibbets also exhibited a selection of his "Colour Studies," initiated in 1975—close-up photographs of bits of auto bodywork, the brands unidentifiable. Expanses of red and yellow, some shiny enough to feature reflections of trees, these are abstracts wholly derived through the viewfinder. In one tall, dark image, a smoky-blue stretch of steel appears at first glance to be a night sky teeming with stars. But no, it's a part of a car hood that, Dibbets noticed, was speckled with dust. No contemporary artist has achieved more with so little, but that begs a question: Why doesn't he move on? Presumably he feels that there never really are any new horizons.

—William Feaver

'Paper'

Saatchi
London

This exhibition was about paper, in all its manifestations: collage, drawing, and sculpture, among others. There was a wistful, nostalgic flavor in much of the work, as many of the show's 44 artists bore witness to esthetic and political movements of the last century. Back then, art (and life, for that matter) played out on paper to a much greater degree than today. Sprawling, ambitious, and fascinating at every turn, the show aimed to reestablish paper as the essential medium in contemporary art. And it came close to succeeding.

The multinational cast included Frenchman Eric Manigaud, whose photorealistic pencil-and-graphite reproductions of photos from a Nazi sterilization hospital, such as *Portrait Clinique #10* (2010), are moving and strangely tender. California-born Jason Brinkerhoff's skillful drawing-and-collage works here summoned artists and trends from Pop to Cubism to Toulouse-Lautrec, straddling the border between homage and imitation while somehow avoiding looking derivative. Scottish artist Rachel Adams's crumpled-paper sculptures, such as *Ottoman* (2011), suggest the human form in classical poses and remind us of paper's versatility.

Many artists used paper to study the corrupting influence of power, contrasting the humblest of mediums with the scariest of subjects. London-based Annie Kevans filled one room with oil-on-paper portraits of children who, on first examination, look innocent enough—but they turn out to be images (real or imagined) of dictators when they were youths. For *Defending Decisions* (2005), Brooklyn artist Christian Holstad erased and then cleverly redrew newspaper photos, transforming generals testifying



Rachel Adams, *Ottoman*, 2011,
wood, fabric, paper, furniture legs, and gouache,
57" x 35½" x 35½". Saatchi.

at a congressional hearing into grotesque, pale-faced caricatures.

In his brilliant *Floating City* (2008), Chinese artist Han Feng printed images of buildings and streets onto hundreds of small, translucent boxes of tracing paper—and then suspended the whole, magical creation with fishing threads. The city, which stretched across nearly 20 feet, looked as if it were levitating, evoking the imaginary conurbations described by Italo Calvino in *Invisible Cities*. Like many in this show, Feng reminded us of paper's unique power to straddle the material and the ethereal.

—Roger Atwood

Nick van Woert

Yvon Lambert
Paris

Nick van Woert's exhibition "Haruspex" presented 2013 works inspired by haruspicy, an Etruscan and Roman religious



Jan Dibbets, *Colour Studies IV*, 2007,
color photograph taken between 1973 and 1976,
23½" x 23½". Alan Cristea.



Nick van Woert, *Rack*, 2013, steel, plastic, and garbage, 64% x 140% x 15%. Yvon Lambert.

practice that used animal entrails to interpret omens or foretell the future. But rather than incorporating the innards of sacrificial animals, van Woert used building materials and everyday detritus such as salvaged wood, polyurethane, piping, foam, newspapers, plastic toys, and even cat litter, to reveal a dramatic shift in the materials we use today and to suggest the industrial essence of modern life.

For several years, this Nevada-born sculptor has alluded to works from antiquity while replacing traditional materials with his own vibrant, plastic esthetic. In the center of the gallery were two large sculptures, both titled *Rack*, that at first resembled lumber racks at a Home Depot store. When viewed from up close, however, the smooth beams revealed layers of unnatural color that van Woert produced by compressing various materials including steel, plastic, and garbage. With their varying levels of transparency and their broad, often toxic chromatic range, these strata suggest the synthetic evolution of building material and our contemporary distance from construction's organic origins.

Deodand Alligator is a two-part work, both poetic and absurd, made from a bronze lizard sculpture that the artist bought on a website for garden supplies. Placed off to one side on the gallery floor, the animal's tail had been cut from its torso and head. Van Woert melted down the other half and used it to mold various tools that evoke the environment of home-improvement stores, such as axes, hammers, and hatchets, which he hung on the walls all around the gallery. Playful and seductive, the sculptures in this exhibition offered an impressive exploration of modern materials.

—Laurie Hurwitz

UP NOW

'On Paper'

Fundación Helga de Alvear
Cáceres, Spain

Through January 12, 2014

Roughly twice a year since opening in 2010, the Fundación Helga de Alvear invites a renowned Spanish curator to select artworks from its collection and create a narrative that presents its holdings in a new light. For "On Paper," scholar and curator Estrella de Diego has chosen to work with the Fundación's rich stock of small-format works and drawings, demonstrating the collection's diversity.

A diminutive work that appears to be covered in hair greets visitors to the show. In fact, Berlin-based artist Karin Sander's *Helga de Alvear* (1999) is a portrait of the famous art collector, in a medium that Sander calls a "Lint Pic-Up



Karin Sander, *Helga de Alvear*, 1999, Lint Pic-Up [rubbed on the skin of the person listed on the title] on paper, 5% x 4". Fundación Helga de Alvear.

[rubbed on the skin of the person listed on the title] on paper." The resulting amalgam of hair and skin particles is both abstract and profoundly human—a clever welcoming statement that suggests the immense amount of information, including actual DNA code, that can be conveyed by a small sheet of paper.

Among the nearly 300 works on view, key pieces include an impressive array of early mixed-media drawings by Spanish sculptor Julio González. The show also features contributions by major artists from the second half of the 20th century, such as a delicate 1957 ink drawing by Lygia Pape. The recently rediscovered

Elena Asins, known for her computer art, presents a handful of intriguing grids and design studies; and in Portuguese Conceptual artist Helena Almeida's 2002 sketchbook, *Seduzir | Seducir | Seducer*, intricate red-pencil sketches of bodies float on white paper.

The late artists Pepe Espaliú and Mark Lombardi are represented by first-rate drawings, such as one of Lombardi's hypnotic "corporation maps" from 1998. Ultimately, this stunning exhibition reminds us that big developments are not excluded from small formats.

—Javier Montes

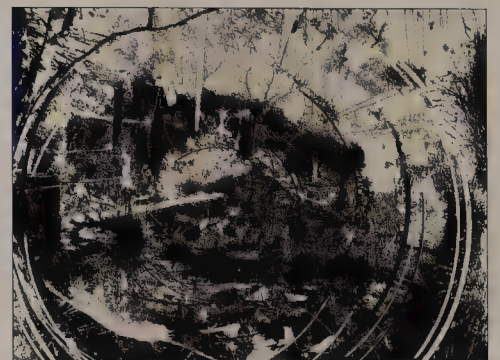
Yehudit Sasportas

Israel Museum

Jerusalem

Darkened galleries and a haunting soundtrack set the stage for "Seven Winters," the midcareer survey for Berlin- and Tel Aviv-based artist Yehudit Sasportas. Her first encounters with form, line, and perspective—which took place in the workshop of her father, a master carpenter—were evoked by small objects crafted in wood, installed at the entrance. But the majority of her drawings, sculptural installations, and videos demonstrated that her true aim is to express the invisible forces of nature through her art.

The Dreesberg Bog in Lower Saxony, to which Sasportas has paid several visits, provided some key images such as swamps, as well as blackened oil drums that refer to the process whereby bog plants are converted into peat. Dried-out plants from this same source were the components for *Magnetic Table* (2013), a slow-motion video shot from above. With tiny magnets inserted into their husks, these natural fragments were set on a tabletop edged with blocks of unrefined magnetic matter. Responding to



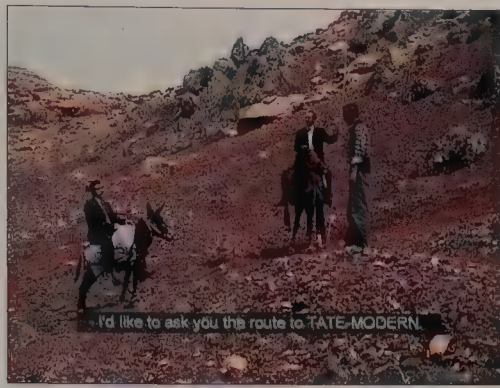
Yehudit Sasportas, *Shichecha no. 6*, 2012, ink on paper, 59" x 78". Israel Museum.

magnetic forces of attraction and repulsion, they quivered and jolted as if on an Ouija board, giving a new twist to the concept of “still life.”

Equally imposing was the 2012 “Oblivion” series of layered black-ink drawings that feature concrete, abstract, and linear elements. Incorporating images filmed at the bog, concentric circles that suggest the pupil of an eye, and CT scans of the human head—visual maps of consciousness—these drawings evoke both physical and mental landscapes in states of disintegration.

Central to this presentation was the video piece *Vortex of Separation* (2013), in which the contents of the entire exhibition were shown, through digital manipulation and computerized renderings, in a state of flux. At one juncture, dark liquid rose from giant oil drums to form a vortex—an effect actually produced by swirling liquid in a teacup and magnifying it on screen. This film was yet another example of the artist’s commendable efforts to give form to nature’s mysterious powers.

—Angela Levine



Şener Özmen and Erkan Özgen, *Road to Tate Modern*, 2003, video projection still, dimensions variable. Istanbul Modern.

artists. In Özmen’s video *What an artist actually wants* (2012), a man stands alone in a hayfield, presumably—per the film’s title—explaining what artists want. But his words are drowned out by roaring jet engines. Though they may scream their needs, the video suggests, artists are never really heard.

Meanwhile, Ali Kazma’s *Studio Ceramist* and *Taxidermist* (both 2009) testify to the power of the artisan. Both films show the title character deftly transforming messy and inchoate materials—a carcass, a pile of mud—into art objects of almost unnatural perfection. Other new videos explore difficult or controversial issues, such as the position of women in Turkey. In Kutluğ Ataman’s intelligent multi-channel video installation *Women Who Wear Wigs* (1999), four screens feature a political dissident, a cancer patient, a transvestite, and a student, as they discuss their motivations for wearing wigs. Their stories give intimate glimpses into the various ways Turkish women embrace, defy, negotiate, and perform femininity.

Overall, this show offers a view of how Turkish art has evolved since the advent of modernism, and demonstrates the distinctive ways in which contemporary Turkish artists have come into their own.

—Rachel Somerstein

Thomas Demand

DHC/ART
Montreal

This thought-provoking survey featured seven video works that deconstruct historical events weighted with cultural or political implications, all produced by German artist Thomas Demand between 2000 and 2012. Demand is celebrated for his one-to-one-scale reproductions of settings and objects in sculptures made

of paper and cardboard, which he then photographs or animates, resulting in uncanny and hypnotic works that combine the real and the simulated.

Early in the exhibition, viewers were greeted by the clattering of a film projector showing *Escalator* (2000). Based on footage from a security camera installed near London’s Charing Cross Bridge, the film presents the mundane setting where a gang robbed two commuters, killing one. The escalators—constructed, as usual, out of paper, and animated using stop motion—are chillingly lifelike, yet the image feels somehow surreal.

The film *Yellowcake* (2007) and a suite of related photographs titled “Embassy” depict the Niger Embassy in Rome, exploring the complex story of a break-in that eventually yielded the questionable “proof” used by the U.S. government to justify its invasion of Iraq. The exhibition’s showstopper, however, was *Pacific Sun* (2012). Based on found YouTube security camera footage from a cruise liner caught in a storm, the film meticulously recreates the violent tossing back and forth of the furnishings in the ship’s lounge area. The people have been removed, suggesting a world full of indifferent and mysterious forces that can neither be controlled nor understood.

The sinister tone of Demand’s work was enhanced by trompe l’oeil wallpaper, which he created for this show. Mimicking dark curtains, the wallpaper reinforced the illusory nature of the works on display, and suggested that, while whistleblowers continue to expose nefarious goings-on through the media, some things may forever remain secrets.

—Bill Clarke



Thomas Demand, *Pacific Sun*, 2012, video production still, dimensions variable. DHC/ART.

UP NOW

‘Past and Future’

Istanbul Modern
Istanbul
Through 2014

This survey of works from the museum’s permanent collection features some 180 contributions by 136 (mostly) Turkish artists, beginning in the late 19th century and extending through the present. Show curator Levent Çalikoğlu faced the daunting task of constructing a narrative of Turkish art prior to and during the early years of the Turkish republic, which Mustafa Kemal Atatürk founded in 1923. While many older works on view echo the major developments of Western art, more recent art—the videos in particular—are self-assured and often very funny.

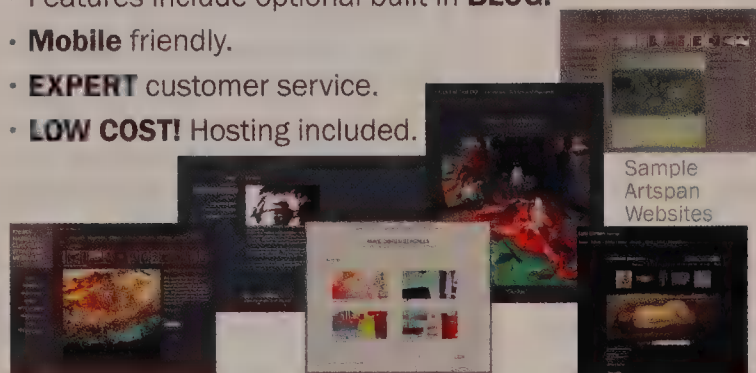
Many pieces confront the challenges faced by working artists in Turkey. In Şener Özmen and Erkan Özgen’s 2003 video *Road to Tate Modern*, a Don Quixote-like duo dressed in suits travels on horse and donkey through dry canyons, seeking the road to the Tate Modern. The video plays humorously on stereotypes of Turks and Muslims, while also pointing out the elusiveness of big-ticket, mainstream success for many

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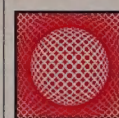
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My Dog Can't Walk, 2012, acrylic and mixed media on a curved canvas.

A flurry of snowflakes and red handkerchiefs blows across the canvas in Tomokazu Matsuyama's *My Dog Can't Walk* (2012). An elfish character sticks out his tongue at a couple emerging from the woods. And a green-haired man points at them accusingly, while his Shiba Inu dog just sits there. This dramatic and surreal scene derives from several antique woodblock prints depicting theater performances based on Japanese mythology. "I wanted to make a painting that has a narrative orientation, but it's really not trying to say anything," Matsuyama says. "It almost looks like, 'Well, are they fighting? Are they having this conversation?' No. They're just talking about how this dog can't walk."

Adding to the drama are the hyper-colored stripes and plaids, Photoshop-like gradients, Action Painter-like splatters, and graffiti-like drizzles that festoon everything. Matsuyama appropriates Jackson Pollock's expressive drips and Jean-Michel Basquiat's squiggles as mere decoration. Like all of his works, the painting merges "East and West, new and old, high and low," the artist says. "I try to make this funky world where you feel somewhat domestic, but you also feel foreign about it." He also constructs sculptures that combine Asian religious themes and American kitsch.

Matsuyama, 37, was born in Takayama, a tourist town in the Japanese Alps where local craftsmen trade in Buddhist and Japanese traditions, but he spent much of his youth in Southern California, where his parents had relocated to study the Bible. He went on to major in management at Tokyo's Sophia University—learning skills, he says, that now help him manage his Brooklyn studio, his assistants, and his relations with galleries. After a stint as a professional snowboarder, he decided that graphic design was a more sustainable way to express himself, so in 2001 he moved to New York to get his M.F.A. at the Pratt Institute. Finally, at age 24, he made his first acrylic painting.

Today, Matsuyama's larger paintings fetch up to \$60,000 at Gallery Wendi Norris in San Francisco and Joshua Liner Gallery in New York; he currently has a solo show at Galerie Zidoun in Luxembourg (through November 9); and his work is featured in "Messin' with the Masters" at the Mesa Arts Center in Arizona (through January 26).



Tomokazu Matsuyama.

Earlier this year, he was part of "Edo Pop," an exhibition at New York's Japan Society that paired Edo period ukiyo-e masters with their modern-day Pop acolytes. Matsuyama contributed the aforementioned *Dog* painting and *I Am Here/For the Time Being* (2012), a diptych of two sad-eyed guys positioned before a plaid background. The figures are painted in an anime-meets-Alex Katz mode, and in front of their faces dangle flowering twigs and spotted birds that embody the esthetic known as *ka-cho-fu-getsu* (flower, bird, wind, moon). These particular blossoms and birds were borrowed from 19th-century woodcuts by Hokusai, which were displayed nearby. When asked how it felt to show with the master, Matsuyama responded, "I was very honored, but at the same time I was horrified! It's like being shown together with van Gogh or Picasso."

—Trent Morse

Trent Morse is an associate editor of ARTnews.

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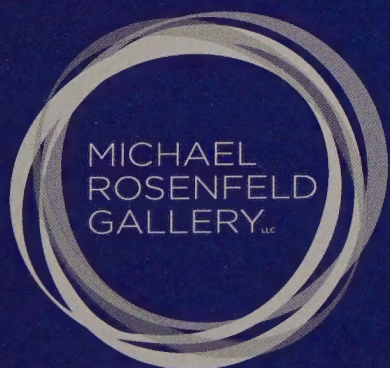
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